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e Lafayette Platter

B. Rebecca Barrett.

yright, 1900, by Rebecca Barrett.

HNNIE is goin to be awful disappointed when he gets this letter, tellin him I can't come weddin. I don't know exactly way it," and Mrs. Esterbrook pen reposing in the bottle of ink while she stopped a mo- reflect. Writing a letter was ual task to her, and the s came haltingly. Then the sk in her feeble hand, and the ere uncertain.

st last the letter was finished. ded it on the very tip end of the the envelope, where there was a ay of red and blue bell shaped . Then she carefully put the in the left hand corner and laid ter on the window sill. Hardly a time so when a neighbor drove his way to the village, and she to him to post.

here had only been some way could manage to go to the wed- he said regretfully as she put per and envelopes back into the d worked cardboard portfolio. here isn't, for it would take all There is the fare to Providence ick of $7, and I'd want $3 for certain, so as not to go pinched. hadn't been for that late freeze, grants would have come on well, ere would have been somethin then; but as it is, there is noth- w till I pick the greengage But it seems to me that I ear the thought no way in the that Johnnie's to be married can't be there."

went into an adjoining room and one of the class knobbed draw- a cherry bureau. The quilt was ly pinned in a pillowcase. She out and spread it upon the bed ness to give it a final examina-

re's not many an old lady of 80 ... a better lookin log cabin hat. I'm not ashamed to have win go anywhere," she said, with able pride. "I hope Johnnie's be one that'll prize it. There's choice pieces here," she contin- smoothing out the blocks with her led and thickly veined hand. 's a piece of Johnnie's own mother's weddin dress, and she like a picture in it. Folks all I said that she and Orrin Hutch- were the handsomest couple ever into old Shasbury meetin house guess they were right about it. That there green in the corner is some of his Aunt Eunice's The very first time she wore it own to a ball at the Holler. My, was no wear out to that dress! there are scraps of three or four dresses in here. That one in the Bissell allus called my gandy , and I suspect it was awful gay ."

looked at the quilt long and af- nately before she did it up. Tears led in the kindly, faded eyes, and an down the soft, wrinkled cheeks topped on the bundle.

low out in front of the house platter of sour cherries preserv- the sun after the old code of d for pound."

I must go and stir up them cher- they'll all be gettin sugary," Mrs. Esterbrook, suddenly recol- g herself and drying her tear d eyes on her folded handker-

went out through the little lat- overed front doorway, where, a ps off, on a flat limestone bowl- was an old blue and white platter reddest and richest of preserves. lifted the mosquito netting and them a good stirring up.

mehow I allus think of Johnnie never when I do up the sour cher- she observed. "How he used to be on hand for a lick when I stir- em up. I used to think I had a scant measure sometimes when e to put 'em in the jars. He allus e knew the cherries would never the same if they was made on ther platter than this old blue and one with the landing of Gineral ette on it. Queer notion of his. ave if I'd been goin to his weddin ave taken a jar or two of these m. You needn't tell me he's lost weet tooth if he is a grown man; s too much of the Hosmer blood n for that."

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apotheosis pitcher! What a find! to think they were keeping soft in it! Even if the nose was bro- the very idea of using a piece of ery that dates back to Washing- time for such a purpose! Who s driving nine miles through the y a hot July day, if one can run s such a treasure and rescue it so cruel a fate?" And Mrs. Ridge- stopped her horse underneath the of a big beech tree that spread over the road and undid the er she had purchased, to admire ew.

was a victim of the old china or to soften it a little, the manie erie.

one but the china hunter could have any beauty in the noseless heosis pitcher, over which Mrs. way was exulting, as a biblio- me might have done at the finding me rare first edition.

the pitcher was a hideous repre- ation of Washington clothed in a shroud, while Time was lifting him from a tomb and a cadaverous looking angel pointed upward.

"Pugh! I can smell the soft soap now," Mrs. Ridgeway exclaimed, as she rewrapped her treasure. "It reminds me of that lovely old delft bowl I rescued from that family who were using it to mix up the chicken feed in. It makes me shudder to think of such desecrations!" And Mrs. Ridgeway's face wore an expression of righteous indignation. "How I wish I could run across some old historical piece for Laura for a wedding present!" she added, as she continued her drive. "She would think more of it than the handsomest bit of modern china I could afford to buy her. It's queer we began our collection at the same time, and she's hardly got a historical piece, excepting a Puritan plate and a tomb of Franklin teapot. But then she has picked up some beautiful pieces of Lowestoft, and the English luster she has found goes way ahead of mine. How lovely they'll all look in the corner cupboard she is to have built in her pretty colonial dining room! To think that I've got to be in Chicago and can't be at her wedding, and when it is to be in her own new house too."

Mrs. Ridgeway had not gone far when she spied the old big chimney of Mrs. Esterbrook's house and halted in her drive.

Mrs. Esterbrook had just come out to take another look at her cherries. She wore an old fashioned wrapper of a big palm leaf pattern and a quaint black lace cap, trimmed with purple bows. She fitted into her surroundings and completed the picture. So Mrs. Ridgeway thought as she came up the path. She was about to make her usual inquiry regarding old dishes when she caught sight of the platter on which the cherries were preserving.

"I am looking about to get a piece of old crockery to give to a friend."

For all there was only the border of laurel leaves and blossoms visible Mrs. Ridgeway's practiced eye told her that this was a Lafayette landing platter. In imagination she could see the whole picture—the two steamers and numerous small boats in the water, the row of six smoking cannon in the foreground and the marshals and sentinels riding about, while underneath it all, in dark blue letters, were the words, "Landing of Lafayette at Castle Garden, New York, Aug 21, 1824." All of this was as plain to this student of ceramics as if the platter lay at that moment before her.

"My dear lady, would you be willing to part with this old platter for a consideration?" Mrs. Ridgeway eagerly inquired.

"Oh, dearie, no," Mrs. Esterbrook answered, looking up. "Why, that old blue platter belonged to my settin out, and it's every piece I've got left of the set. I never broke 'em myself to speak of, but in my younger days I was sick a good deal, and hired help do raise the mischief with dishes."

"Yes, indeed they do!" and Mrs. Ridgeway spoke feelingly, thinking of how many more treasures she might have gleaned if it had not been for these same vandals—the hired help.

"I was looking about to get a piece of old crockery to give to a friend for a wedding present," said Mrs. Ridgeway, sitting down on the bowlder and looking at the platter with longing eyes. "Why, I can't see a nick in it," she continued as she examined it.

"Yes, there's one queer shaped one right on the underside of the rim," Mrs. Esterbrook explained, holding up the platter.

"If you'd been willing to part with the dish, I'd have paid you $10 for it," Mrs. Ridgeway added regretfully.

"Ten dollars!" and Mrs. Esterbrook gave a little start. Queer that it should have been just the amount that she had calculated only an hour or two before that she needed to enable her to go to Johnnie's wedding. Here was a chance to surprise him. It was a temptation. She laid down her iron spoon and, absently picking up a peony leaf, frightened some bees that were gathering about the sweetmeats.

Connected with the old blue platter were a thousand pleasant memories of family gatherings, of Thanksgiving dinners, of wedding festivities. They all came crowding into her mind now and seemed to forbid her parting with this memorial of those times. But on the other hand was Johnnie's wedding, and she did so long to go! She pictured his surprise at seeing her when she had written that she could not come.

"Er—what did you say you wanted the old platter for?" she asked falteringly.

"To give to a friend who is getting a collection of old pieces of crockery," spoke up Mrs. Ridgeway eagerly. "This would be put in a pretty cupboard with glass doors, where it would be very ornamental, besides being so well cared for."

This put it in a new light to Mrs. Esterbrook. All of her things were to go to Johnnie after she was gone. But it was no ways likely that Johnnie's wife would be one who would care at all for such an old relic as this. Certainly it would be better to take up with this offer, when the money would be so acceptable, and be assured that the platter would be sent where it would be so prized. Yes, she would let it go.

"The cherries are about sunned now," she observed as she started to take the platter into the house. "It's the last I'll ever do up. But preserves kind of go a-beggin nowadays, so few drop in to help eat 'em," she added, as if to pacify herself.

She felt guilty as she took the $10 bill. And as she put it away in the little shell snuffbox for safe keeping, it seemed to her some way as if the money did not belong to her. Nor had the feeling disappeared when the following week she set out for the wedding.

* * * * * * * *

The hackman left her in front of one of the pretty new colonial houses on one of the fashionable streets of Providence. She presented a very old fashioned appearance as she came up the walk dressed in a very large figured black brocade, which was worn over hoops. The dress had been made for her niece's wedding 25 years before. On her shoulders was a thin gauze shawl somewhat brown with age. She carried in her hand a long handled, black traveling basket containing the log cabin quilt, a jar of sun cherries, her best cap and a few other articles.

She could hardly wait to see Johnnie. She half expected him to be at the door to meet her. Instead there was only a servant, who directed her to the room above, where she was to take off her things. She asked her where she should leave the present she had brought, but the girl did not seem to understand and told her she must see the mistress.

She was just in time for the ceremony. Oh, how good it did seem to catch a glimpse of Johnnie again after such a long time! She stole in quietly and took a seat in a secluded corner. Thus she remained almost unnoticed, for after the ceremony everybody naturally gathered about the bride and groom for congratulations. She, too, would have gone up at once, only an awful thought had come to her as she sat there and made her delay her greeting. What if Johnnie should be ashamed to claim her as his aunt among all these rich and fashionable people? It was best to wait awhile and to see him and his bride after the other guests had dispersed somewhat. Oh, why had she come? Why had she been so foolish as to part with the old blue platter?

Then this was not all that made her cup a bitter one. She could see into the room where the presents were. There was such an array of bright silver and sparkling glass. How poor and out of keeping her gift to the bride would seem among them! No; she would carry the log cabin back home with her. To think of all the pride she had taken in piecing it, and now it was all lost. She could not bear it.

Just then a bright faced young girl touched her on the arm and said, "Have you had a chance to speak to my sister yet?"

"I—I don't even know who your sister is," Mrs. Esterbrook stammered.

"Why, she's the bride! Come, I'll take you to her."

As they came near to the daisy trimmed bower John Hosmer caught sight of his aunt and sprang forward.

"Why, Aunt Rizpah; where did you come from? I'm delighted to see you! But you wrote you could not be here."

He gave her such a greeting that the best cap was sadly disarranged and both the hair bracelets and the bead bag landed on the floor.

"And this is my Laura," he continued, introducing the pretty bride at his side.

"I'm so glad to know Aunt Rizpah," she said, kissing her affectionately, and holding the black mitted hand tenderly, "for John has told me so much about you."

"If you had only let us know you were coming," he continued, "you would have been the guest of honor and the first to congratulate us instead of the last."

This was balm to the old lady's troubled soul, and the wounds began to heal like magic. But she simply answered, "I—I thought it would be nice to surprise you."

"It seems no time since I used to spend my summers with you, Aunt Rizpah," her nephew continued. "This is about the time of the year you put up the sour cherries, isn't it? And that makes me think—come with me. I want to show you a platter Laura had among her wedding presents that's precisely like the one you used to sun your cherries on."

Regardless of the fact that he was breaking over a formality in leaving his post, he took his aunt into the dining room adjoining, where, in a corner cupboard, was displayed, with numerous other old dishes, a Lafayette landing platter.

"Nothing ever tasted so good as those preserves you used to put up, Aunt Rizpah. Will you make me some some time?" John Hosmer inquired as he opened the door of the cupboard.

"Hush, Johnnie; don't let any one hear, but I've got you a jar up stairs in my basket."

"Bless your heart, Aunt Rizpah. You are the only one who has thought to bring me a present, and I assure you I appreciate it."

He took out the platter to show her.

"Why, why, Johnnie," she exclaimed excitedly, "just look at this nick!"

"Nick! Why, that's nothing," said her nephew, laughing heartily. "Laura is getting a collection of old fashioned crockery, and you ought to see some of the things she picks up. Why, nicks and cracks add to the value of a dish."

"No, no; but this particular nick! Johnnie, that's my old blue platter, and there's no mistakin it. Preserve, Johnnie, I sold it so as to come here today. The lady said she wanted it for a weddin present, and this is where she's sent it. It does seem as if the hand of Providence was in it all."

Here was truly a most interesting coincidence. The story was told to Laura, and she knew at once, from the description given of the one who had bought the platter, that it was indeed her friend, Mrs. Ridgeway, her colleague in china hunting.

"Seeing you are so fond of old fashioned dishes, Laury," Mrs. Esterbrook now ventured to add, "maybe, after all, you'd like the log cabin quilt I brought along for you. I was goin to take it back home with me, for I thought it would seem so little among all these fine presents."

"So little! Why, you couldn't have given me anything that I would have liked better. My grandmother willed me her old tester bedstead, and I have been trying to find something that would be appropriate to put on it, and now you have brought me just what I want."

And so the quilt was sent for, and Mrs. Esterbrook found herself the center of an admiring group as she pointed out the pieces with a history. Then they all praised her sewing, and, oh, what a proud moment it was for her, and how she blessed the sale of the old blue platter that had brought her so much pleasure!

"And now, Aunt Rizpah," the bride said as in her traveling dress she was bidding goodby to her guests, "you must promise to come and spend the winter with us."

"Yes, and if you will, Aunt Rizpah," the nephew added, "we'll come to visit you next summer. We'll come in sour cherry time, and if I'll bring along the old blue platter, will you make us some sun cherries?"

And Mrs. Esterbrook promised, while some kernels from the shower of rice landed in the best lace cap and fell in the ample folds of the black brocade dress.

A Lace Legend.

This is the story of the origin of the famous guipure lace: A certain Venetian sailor lad returned from a voyage in eastern waters and brought to his betrothed, a worker in needle point, a bunch of the delicate and beautiful coralline, which he told her was the lace made by mermaids living in the coral caves of the Indian seas. "Pretty as it is," said the girl, "I will make something far prettier with my needle, and my bridal veil shall be of mermaid's lace."

The sailor lad went off on another long voyage, and during the months of his absence the girl worked day after day with her needle, forming white dots and tiny stars and uniting them with delicate "brides," till at last an exquisite scarf of guipure was produced, which was so beautiful that when she wore it as a bridal veil all Venice spoke of it in glowing terms of admiration, and many noble and royal women became patronesses of the young lacemaker.

Her Pet Killed Her.

A mischievous parrot once caused the death of a young lady named Miss Knott. The bird had contracted the deplorable habit of turning on the gas jets and reveling in the fumes, which he seemed to enjoy. His mistress knew of this curious mania and kept careful watch, but one day while she was asleep the parrot opened all the jets unhindered. The fumes spread to other parts of the house, and the occupants rushed from one room to another looking for the escape of gas. Finally they entered Miss Knott's apartments and found the unfortunate girl lying dead on her bed.

Hadn't a Bird's Eye.

On one occasion there was an argument going on before the United States supreme court in Washington, and the attorneys were using a map to illustrate the case. One attorney, in the course of his presentation of the case, pointed to the map in question and was proceeding to dilate upon the same when Justice Gray asked him what the map was. "Why, your honor, it is just a birdseye view of the land in controversy," answered the counselor.

"Well," said Justice Gray, "I wish you would bring the map a little nearer. I haven't got a bird's eye."

The Clove Tree.

The clove tree is a beautiful evergreen, which grows from 30 to 40 feet high and bears crimson flowers in numerous groups of terminal cymes. The flowers are at first pale, then turn green and afterward bright red, when they are ready to gather. As is well known from their appearance in commerce, they consist of a long cylindrical calyx terminating in four spreading sepals and four unopened petals which form a round ball in the center. It gets its name, clove, from the French word for nail—clou—on account of its resemblance to a nail.

THE LOVE AFFAIR OF PACKSADDLE PARKS.

BY A. C. M'KENZIE.

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THE report that Victoria and his Apaches had jumped the reservation and were swooping down upon the Gila river district reached Abe Bendum's ferry shortly after sunrise. Before sunset of the twoscore miners and prospectors who had pitched their camps around Abe's cabin only two remained. The rest had betaken themselves away.

Sam Porter and Packsaddle Parks were no less disturbed by the prospect of an Indian raid than were their fellow prospectors. Had the news come a week earlier they would have been among the first to pull up stakes and light out for Silver, across the border. But during that week Abe Bendum's wife's sister Sally had appeared at the ferry, and ten tribes of Apaches could not have driven the partners away. Neither was Abe loath to keep the two prospectors in the vicinity. For five years he had worked to get the ferry running, and, although he had the two women on his hands, it needed something more than an Indian scare to drive him out of his chosen territory. In his rough way he was a man of penetration, and it took no great discernment to see why the partners hung around the ferry.

"I reckon," said he to his wife, "the boys are sweet on Sally. They will stick by us, Injuns or no Injuns."

Whereupon Mrs. Bendum opined that, as both Mr. Porter and Packsaddle Parks were in love with Sally, something worse than an Apache scare might arise to disturb the quiet of Gila ferry. Abe thought the matter over, then, seizing a favorable opportunity, tackled the partners when they were together.

"Look here, boys," said he, "a gal is a gal, but I don't want to see no disturbin of the beautiful relations between you two. Now, suppose you settle this gal question nice and cordial."

Sam caught the old man's meaning before Packsaddle Parks quite realized what the ferryman was driving at.

"Parks," said he, "Abe is right. I'm in earnest, and you mean business. Suppose we let Abe arbitrate this matter, and the one he selects for the girl will have the first show."

Parks always followed his partner's advice, so the matter was left to Abe, and on the following day he rendered his decision.

"Gentlemen," said he, powerful solemn, "I respects and loves both Mr. Porter and Mr. Parks. If I were pickin out a man to court a she grizzly, I'd select Mr. Parks, seein he was raised right here in this territory and is handy with a gun and bowie knife. But, as we are considerin the future of a dear relative, and Mr. Porter, being raised in the east, is better suited to a lady of refinement, my choice falls on Mr. Porter."

Packsaddle Parks looked upon the ground and rubbed his chin reflectively. "I reckon," said he, "Sam has the drop on me when it comes to polish and edocation, and I'll allow Sal's a powerful edocated gal. If it had been in any other way, I'd have fought, certain; but, havin agreed to stand by the arbitration, Sam'll have first show."

So saying Packsaddle Parks took down his rifle, expressing his determination to put in two days hunting somewhere in the mountains.

On the third day he showed up at the ferry, meeting Sal by accident as she was toting a pail of water.

"John," said she, refusing his proffered aid, "Sam Porter says you want me to marry him."

Packsaddle was so overcome by surprise that he only looked at her without uttering a word.

"Well, Mr. Parks," continued she, a red flush o'erspreading her face, "I accept him, but I didn't think it of you."

Packsaddle "reckoned" his pardner had been workin the claim pretty hard, but, being unused to woman's way, decided the matter was ended and the other's polish and superior education had won the day. He hung around the ferry for a week or two until one day Porter suggested that they do a little prospecting beyond the Black range.

"You see," said he, "I want to make a strike for Sally, and I will be married soon and our pile is running mighty low."

Packsaddle was glad to go; the ferry house had lost much of its charm for him, and, in his open heartedness, he wanted to help Sam and Sally.

The morning following the two partners started with their outfit for the Black range country. Despite numerous Indian signs no one molested them during the two weeks they remained in the hills and it was not until crossing the valley between the Black range and the Mogollon mountains, on the return trip, that they saw anything of the red men. While driving their four pack mules along a little mesa on the edge of the Black canyon, a band of Apaches suddenly appeared out of the mesquite bushes and surrounded them.

At first the braves made no hostile demonstration, but [illegible] drive the mules with [illegible] good will and [illegible] for this [illegible] saddle [illegible] friendliness. And his fears were justified. Understanding the Apache language, he presently heard the Indians discussing the plan they had adopted, which was to attack the whites as soon as they had driven the mules from the mesa into the canyon—and the trail to the edge of the latter was scarcely a mile longer.

Straightway he began to turn over in his mind how he could escape the fate which the redskins had planned for him. He knew that some distance ahead the mesa sloped to the edge of the canyon, where was an abrupt fall of 25 or 30 feet. The bed of the gorge was filled with scrub pine, which, could he gain them, would hide him from the eyes of the Indians and escape might be possible. Then another thought came to him. Could he leave Sam to the mercy of the savages? What would Sally say if he returned without her lover? He shut his hands hard, for he knew the customs of the Indians. If one prisoner escaped, they would doubly torture his companion.

A quarter of a mile down the trail some one had located a claim, leaving a pile of rocks on the edge of the mesa to mark the spot. It was at that point lay the descent to the bed of the canyon.

As the mules came abreast of the deserted claim Packsaddle made a gesture to the Apaches that he wished to stop for a moment. He knew the Indian craze for anything in the shape of firearms and decided to try a trick on them.

"Sam," said he, speaking so all the braves could hear him, "just step over to the edge of the canyon and get the rifle I left there on our last trip at the edge of the pile yonder."

"But you didn't leave a gun, Parks," replied Porter, surprised at the request.

"You just go and look," said Packsaddle sharply, "and I reckon you'll find it."

Sam started toward the canyon, two of the Indians following him. When he reached the edge, Packsaddle let out a yell of agony.

"Jump, Sam, jump!" he shouted. "I'm knifed, and I'm dyin!"

Sam was so scared he didn't wait to look back over his shoulder. He was over the edge into the canyon like a flash and had disappeared in the scrub pine before the astonished Apaches came to their senses, and Packsaddle knew he could make good his escape to Fort Bayard.

When the Indians realized how they had been fooled they set up a terrific yelling and started for their remaining prisoner, but Packsaddle Parks didn't wait to receive them. As Sam went over the side of the canyon he bounded away like a frightened antelope, trailing it over the mesa so fast it would have taken a pretty good Indian to catch up with him.

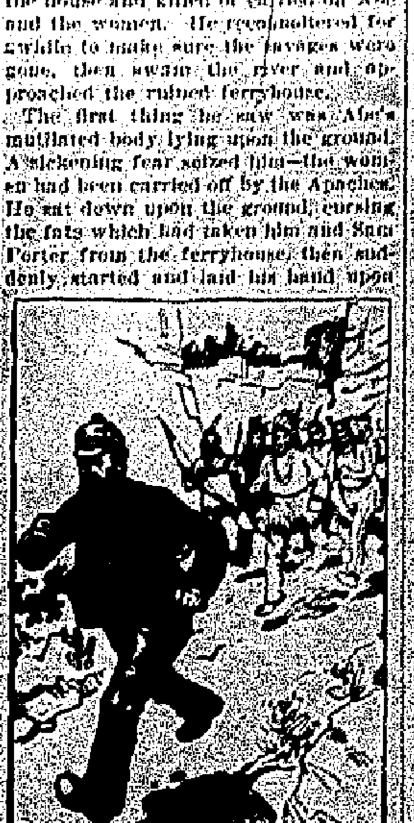
A dozen of the braves started in pursuit, but an Apache is a poor runner and Packsaddle rapidly gained upon them. Then the chief called to those who were following to drop down and a shower of arrows flew after the retreating white man.

A sharp pain in his foot told Parks he had been hit, but yanking out the shaft, he kept on until he reached a thick growth of brush, which hid him from the redskins.

How he got back to the Gila he could never exactly tell, but, having thrown off the Indians, he traveled all that night, reaching the ferry early in the morning. It was a sorry sight which greeted him—the dead embers of the ferryhouse, the boat cut adrift and stranded upon the mud flats of the river, and not a living soul to answer his cautious "Hello, there!"

It did not take a second glance to tell him the Indians had been there, burned the house and killed or carried off Abe and the women. He reconnoitered for awhile to make sure the savages were gone, then swam the river and approached the ruined ferryhouse.

The first thing he saw was Abe's mutilated body lying upon the ground. A sickening fear seized him—the women had been carried off by the Apaches. He sat down upon the ground, cursing the fate which had taken him and Sam Porter from the ferryhouse, then suddenly started and laid his hand upon



A dozen of the braves started in pursuit.

[illegible] His [illegible] to'"—

"Then Packsaddle knew it wasn't Abe Bendum's ghost come back to the ruined ferryhouse. It was Sal's voice which had called to him, and she was hidden in Abe's potato cellar, which was carefully sodded over to keep out the frost in winter.

The next moment he had torn off the covering to find Sally crouching there, and beside her Mrs. Bendum, in a faint.

He was down in the hole in an instant, lifted the women out and followed them.

"You've come to save us, John," said Sally, simply; then she caught sight of Abe's body and fainted away.

"Where's Mr. Porter?" she asked suddenly, when Packsaddle, having carried her to the river, had brought her to. "They have killed Sam and"—

"Sam is in Fort Bayard," said Packsaddle, wishing to calm her anxiety; then he told her about the scene on the mesa.

The girl looked at him, a deep flush reddening her cheeks. "So Sam's saved himself," said she. "Mr. Porter always was a good runner."

Packsaddle nodded. "I reckon," said he, "we'd best be movin. Sam is a clever chap, and he'll be waitin for you over there."

But it wasn't such a simple matter to take two women across a country filled with murdering Apaches. Packsaddle knew the Indians, and that they were sure to be in the neighborhood. He sat down to think the thing over, finally reaching the decision that the only safe way was by the river. The water was swift at that time of year, and a night would float them to the very gate of the fort.

On the bank of the stream were a score of logs, ten feet long and as light as corks. He floated two of these together, bound them against each other with grapevines, and at the first signs of darkness told the women to lay themselves flat upon the primitive raft. Then, for fear the current might wash them off, he passed another grapevine around the logs and their bodies, and pushed the raft into the swifter waters of the Gila, swimming behind that he might guide it.

All night long Packsaddle Parks pushed the logs with their burden down the current of the river. He was exhausted with his long run across the prairie; the wound in his foot tortured him, and his body was bruised in a dozen places by coming in contact with floating obstacles in the water.

Once, his foot striking a pointed rock, he uttered a cry of agony, but he felt Sal's fingers clasp his own, and struggled manfully on till, just at daybreak, the raft grounded on the beach before the fort. Then Packsaddle Parks gave up and fainted dead away.

It was a week later, when, having passed through a burning fever, during which he had talked long and loudly of Sam and Sally, Packsaddle opened his eyes to see both standing by the bedside.

"Pardner," said he weakly, looking up at Sam, "I've played it square; here she is."

Porter stammered something and Sally's hand crept into the white one lying upon the counterpane.

"I reckon," went on Packsaddle Parks, "she ain't hurt any, and I'll be goin to Silver, leastwise when I can mount a burro, I"—

"Wait, John," said Sally, turning very red. "I've told Mr. Porter I will never marry him, because"—

Packsaddle gasped with astonishment. "But he's polish and edocation," he muttered, "and you, bein a lady of refinement!"—

"Because," continued Sally, looking straight before her, "I'm going to marry you, John—if—if—you will have me."

Packsaddle Parks sat bolt upright in his bed. Then he turned to where he had seen Sam standing. But Mr. Porter, being a gentleman of polish and education, had left the room, closing the door behind him.

Why a Turkey Is Called a Turkey.

Three hundred years or so ago the newly discovered portions of the new world were still supposed to be part of the Asiatic continents, and the natives were called Indians in consequence. A common name for the maize which we call Indian corn was then "Turkish wheat." The delicious turkey was too important to the larder to be ignored, so the French and English explorers soon found a name for it. The English Labadists or Mystics who came to New York, then New Amsterdam, in the autumn of 1679, mention the ripe fields of "Turkish wheat" and also the wild "turkey."

The French name of dindo (d'Inde), the Indian fowl, is a more reasonable name for the same bird, since we agree to call the red aborigines or autochthones of this continent Indians.

A Point In Physiognomy.

The left side of the face is usually the best looking, declares a close observer. Artists always put the best touches, finest shading and most delicate twirls on the left side of the profile. Actors, actresses and public singers and entertainers always make a half turn to the right when they wish to impress their audiences. The left hand is more magnetic than the right, and the glance of the left eye has a charm which the right lacks. Notice your friends' faces, and you will see that this is quite true. There are exceptions, of course, but the rule holds good in 19 cases out of 20.

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF JAPAN.

THE transformation of Japan from an obscure nation without rank or recognition 40 years ago to one occupying a plane with first class powers, like Germany, Great Britain and the United States, has been termed the great miracle of the nineteenth century. And the one man most conspicuous in this work of regeneration, especially in latter years, by which that nation has in a sense denationalized itself, is its present ruler, the emperor, who is called the most enlightened and progressive man in the island empire, and worthy to rank with the greatest men of our time.

To understand fully the extent and scope of this transformation, not only in the Japanese government system but in the emperor himself, it is necessary to consider the lineage of this remarkable ruler, the traditions of his early training and environment, and the more than medieval darkness into which Japan was plunged before its ports were by treaties opened to foreign nations.

According to Japanese legend, the islands and the imperial family have been coexistent ever since the primal creation. The heavenly Izanagi, taking in hand his jeweled spear, plunged it into the sea, and the drops which fell from its point crystallized into islands, upon which the god and his mate, Izanami, descended and took up their abode. This historic genealogical story is pretty and poetical, but it does not account for the aboriginal Ainos, the hairy men of Yezo, from whom it is believed the Japanese are descended.

However, the semimythological period is rather extensive, and it was in about the middle of it that the Japs were ruled by Jingo Kogo, an empress regent who conquered Korea and whose son, deified at his death, became the Japanese god of war. The first real emperor, Jimmu Tenno, ascended the throne about 600 B. C., according to the official, but mythical, chronology. Students of Japanese history give no credence to this tale of the first mikado, who was born of a dragon, and ruthlessly cut down the record nearly a thousand years. Whether he dates from the year 600 B. C. or, as the modern critics assert, from the fourth century, A. D., the present mikado has an undoubted lineage from the latter date and can trace his ancestry back to Nintoku, who reigned between 313 and 399 A. D.—that is, he is either the one hundred and fourth or the one hundred and twenty-third in the direct succession who has sat upon the throne, and can boast a genealogical tree beside which that of many a scion of royalty pales into insignificance.

Many of the reigns are authenticated by contemporary events which are well known, such as the introduction of Buddhism into Japan in the year 552, when a prince of Korea presented the emperor with a collection of books and idols. The Buddhist faith was declared to be fully tolerated in 593, under the first acknowledged empress of Japan, Suiko, and just 100 years later the national beverage, "saké," was invented. Fifty years after gold was first discovered and money coined, but it was not until about 825 that a native alphabet was invented. By this time great families of nobles had arisen, and imperial authority was weakened by the looseness of the succession, dependent as it was upon the arbitrary will of the sovereign, who could name any one he chose as his successor. The throne thus became the prey of rival factions and princes. A governor general, or generalissimo, called the "shogun," was therefore appointed. The first "shogun" was the renowned Yoritomo, who about the end of the twelfth century became so powerful that the mikado's authority was merely nominal.

The only attempted invasion of Japan on a large scale was that of the Mongols under the great Kublai Khan in 1281. After this [illegible] centuries of civil war succeeded, at the end of which the shogunate of Tokugawa was founded and practically ruled Japan from 1603 until 1867, during which period the country enjoyed a profound peace. Christianity was introduced in 1549, and the Portuguese were given permission to trade at certain ports of Japan. They became [illegible] and were banished in 1639, when their privileges were transferred to the Dutch, who held the commercial monopoly for more than two centuries.

It was America, the country discovered by Columbus in his search for Zipangu (mentioned by Marco Polo, the first European to visit and write of Japan), that first sent to open diplomatic communication with the exclusive country. This was the famous expedition of 1852 under Commodore Perry, which was successful in the double sense that a treaty was wrested from Japan—the first it ever concluded with any nation and the seed was planted which germinated and has developed into the Japan of today. Commodore Perry, however, and all the foreign envoys who followed in his wake scrambling for their share of Japan's commercial possibilities, made the mistake of treating with the shogun, or the tycoon, as he was sometimes styled, instead of with the mikado. For, while the shogun may have been the de facto ruler, the only visible embodiment of authority, yet the despot de jure was the mikado, secreted in his royal palace at Kioto, without whose sanction no treaty with a foreign power was considered binding. The shogun, indeed, was merely a very convenient buffer between the invisible emperor and the foreign envoys, who, while apparently in absolute power, was yet clothed with no real authority. This policy of deception wrought its own downfall, however, when, acting under orders from the imperial court at Kioto, the shogun or tycoon of Choshiu, in 1863, fired upon ships of the treaty powers, in return for which the Japanese were thoroughly whipped and compelled to pay an indemnity of $3,000,000.

The first Japanese embassy to visit any foreign country was sent to the United States in 1860, but the opening of treaties with our government had excited popular distrust, and the regent who had dispatched the embassy was assassinated in a public street of Yedo in broad daylight. But the Japanese, unlike their brother orientals, the Chinese, accepted the lesson of their defeat at the hands of the foreigners as evidence of the invincible power of the "outside barbarians" and did not need to be thrashed again. They were receptive and intelligent and chose to copy the western civilization, to benefit by its teachings and assimilate what they could of its progress, rather than oppose it and be crushed. At this juncture the recuperative force that had lain dormant for centuries in the imperial line asserted itself, the "shogunate" was abolished, the antiquated feudal system ended, the "daimios," or territorial nobles, and their "samurai," or military retainers, shorn of their titles and privileges, and all power was conferred on the mikado.

It was the shogun or tycoon who had met Commodore Perry and signed the treaty that brought about the transformation of Japan, and it was the then reigning emperor, Komei, who [illegible] repudiated that instrument. Komei died in 1867, and his son and successor, Mutsu Hito, the present emperor, came to the throne, to which, in [illegible], he had been declared heir apparent. He [illegible] in 1860, at the very time the Americans were entering the ports of Japan, and made his appearance on the stage of public affairs at a most critical period of his country's history. Fortunately for Japan, and to the infinite betterment of international relations, this descendant of a hundred generations of imperial ancestors was equal to the emergency. The product of a seclusive dynasty extending through more than 2,500 years, nursed among traditions of royal prerogatives and taught to believe himself a heaven descended son of the gods, yet Mutsu Hito, casting tradition and precedent to the winds, condescended to regard himself as a mere mortal.

The second son of Komei by his wife, the Empress Asako, he was connected on his mother's side with the famous family of Fujiwara, or "wistaria meadow," which had furnished Japan with innumerable statesmen since the eleventh century. A conservative by birth and environed by all the forces that make for despotism, the young emperor nevertheless put away the temptations that beset him to continue the feudalism, the seclusiveness and the tyranny of the ancient regime and resolutely set his face toward civilization and progress. He was aided in this, even forced to it, by the unusual events immediately precedent to and succeeding his assumption of the imperial crown. But one less advanced and enlightened than he might have been moved to oppose the irresistible current of events, as the Chinese have done, and have gone down amid the universal ruin of his empire.

Succeeding to the throne in 1867 at the early age of 15, Mutsu Hito was crowned in October, 1868, at the castle of Nijo, an ancient feudal fortification, and there received the three gifts said to have been brought from heaven by the sun goddess, [illegible], thousands of years before. These [illegible] regalia of Japanese sovereignty are a sword, a mirror and a crystal ball, which have been treasured by the court from time immemorial.

The next year, 1869, the court and capital were removed from Kioto to Tokyo, and here the mikado [illegible] began his "meiji," or chronological period signifying "enlightened peace" or "civilization." And this term, selected to designate the reign of Mutsu Hito, was in no sense a misnomer, for it constitutes a new, separate era in the history of Japan, which within the span of less than 40 years has made an advance unparalleled in the annals of any other nation. The shogunate had not perished without disturbance, for there were rebellions, almost anarchy, in the years 1867 and 1868; but by 1871 even the ancient feudal system was overthrown, all titles of the court and territorial nobles were extinguished, and the bearers of them were afterward known only as noble families, or "Kazoku." That year, also, an embassy of 49 persons sailed from Yokohama to visit all the countries with which Japan had treaties, thus signifying that the government that sent them was firmly based, absolute and supreme.

The emperor was married in February, 1869, only three months after he had attained his sixteenth birthday, to the Princess Haruko, who was born in May, 1850, and is consequently two years and six months older than her royal consort. The empress was a daughter of Prince Ichijo Tadaka, a member of one of the noble families of Japan. Her name signifies springtime. She is descended from the Fujiwara clan, from which the highest offices in the empire are always filled, and from which the emperors are compelled to select their wives. It was particularly desirable at the time it was consummated that the marriage should be according to precedent, owing to the disturbed condition of the country and the unrest among the nobles; so it may have been more a matter of convenience than attachment to the parties directly concerned. The silver wedding, celebrated Feb. 9, 1894, with national rejoicings, was commemorated by the issue of two postage stamps of unusual size and brilliancy of decoration, inscribed in English: "Imperial Japanese Post. Imperial Wedding. Twenty-fifth Anniversary." Much amusement was created among those cognizant of the flimsy character of the Japanese wedding ceremony, which is hardly more impressive or binding than the once popular custom of jumping over a broomstick. The marriage tie is not considered sacred, divorces are granted on the most trivial pretexts and the actual ceremony is neither legal nor religious, consisting chiefly of a dinner party, at which the bride and groom drink cups of saké together, the only formality required being the transference of the bride's name from her father's family to her husband's in the government registers.

Still, as royal couples go, the emperor and empress are fairly contented and happy. As a princess the empress is said to have been very pretty, petite of figure, intelligent and animated, even noted for her beauty, which, as the Japanese standard differs so much from ours, may be accepted on trust. When young, she was celebrated for her proficiency in writing original verse and playing correctly on the native "koto," or harp of 17 strings. It is generally agreed that all Japanese ladies are charming, even though their style of beauty does not appeal to the occidental taste, and both men and women are noted for their politeness and captivating manners.

Along with the change wrought in other directions by the transformation of Japan there was one innovation which can hardly be regarded as commendable, and this was the substitution of European garb for the picturesque costumes of ancient Japan. All the court officials were required by law to wear it, and black coats, white neckties and gloves, with black trousers and boots, have replaced the graceful robes.

Formerly the empress dressed her hair in the Japanese fashion, and on state occasions wore in a single day 12 different dresses, all of silk, and of course all beautiful. The change in court etiquette has done away with this, but the empress dons a heavy court dress at early morning, and, no matter what the temperature may be, wears it without change until the time for retiring at night. Her habits, as well as those of the emperor, are of the simplest. Both rise between 6 and 7 o'clock in the morning, usually breakfast, lunch and dine together, and sometimes receive guests at their table, with whom they chat informally on matters of mutual interest.

The Japanese change in costume did not of course necessitate a relinquishment of the crown jewels, and the empress has a very fine collection of gems, besides two crowns, or tiaras, one of which is valued at [illegible]. The two sovereigns are allowed for their maintenance about [illegible] a year from the civil lists, which is rather more than half that sum in dollars.

"May the imperial house—rule through 10,000 generations. The empire of Japan shall be reigned over and governed by a line of emperors unbroken for ages eternal," say the Japanese. But there was a time not long since when the imperial succession seemed to hang by a very slender thread, and today the danger of a break in the long dynastic line is by no means averted, for the only son of the emperor was at one time sick nigh unto death and has never enjoyed robust health.

Yoshi Hito, who was installed crown prince of Japan at the age of 10, was born Aug. 31, 1879, and is now 21 years old. It was not long ago that Dame Rumor had it that he was coming to America in search of a wife, but this was proved incorrect by the betrothal soon after of the prince and a daughter of the Fujiwara clan, the Princess Sada Kujo, thus acting in accordance with precedent and selecting a wife from the Japanese nobility. His father was married at the age of 16, but the prince has not inherited his good health, and, in fact, is said to have consumption, and has been carefully nursed along until thought strong enough for the matrimonial venture. His wife, who has been selected with especial care in view of dynastic contingencies, is talented and highly educated, strong and healthy, though only 17 years old and recently a little [illegible] in short clothes studiously absorbed in her lessons.

They were married on the 10th of last May, and the ceremonies attendant upon the function were most magnificent, the bridal presents alone aggregating more than $300,000. An audience to all the foreign ministers followed the ceremonies, and afterward a reception and banquet, to which [illegible] persons were invited. Another innovation was the seeking in marriage of the princess by the prince, instead of having her "appointed" by imperial edict.

It indicated a complete revolution in social affairs and accentuated the inauguration of a new order of things. Even after the people had recovered from their surprise they realized that the dead past was buried and that their future emperor and empress were to be much more in touch with themselves than any one of the ancient line from which they boasted their long descent.

The Japanese lament not only that their prince lacks his father's genius and superb health, but the equally notorious fact that he is not a descendant in the direct line from both sides of that imperial house which shines so lustrously in their country's annals. He is, indeed, the son of the emperor, but not of the empress, his mother being Mme. Yanagiwara, a court lady of noble blood, but what is known in Japan as a "secondary wife," or concubine, the mikado being allowed a dozen of this character, "in order that the emperor may not be without an heir." But even as it is, the imperial house of Japan has come perilously near to extinction in the direct male line, for of all the children born to the emperor by his secondary wives—the empress being childless—none remains to perpetuate the dynasty save this sickly young man of 21.

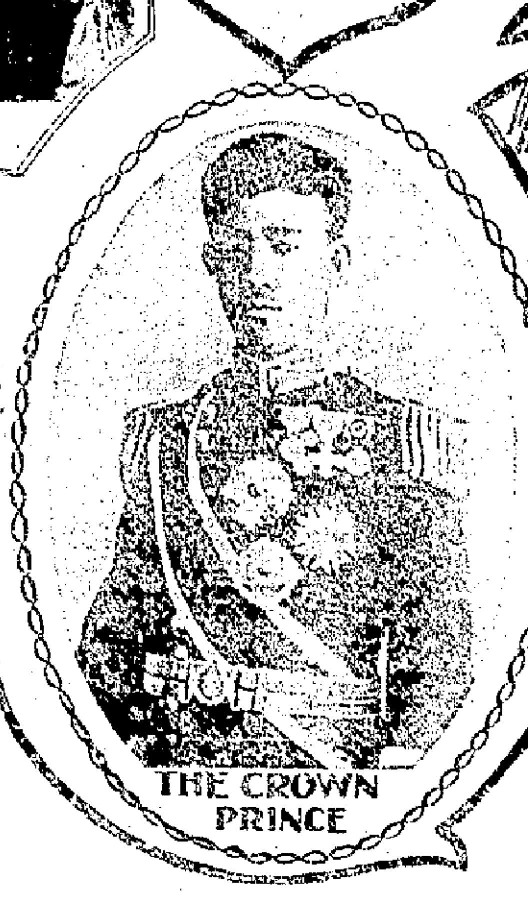
These four comprise today the representatives of that heaven descended line of the original mikado. All Japan regards them as the visible embodiments of power, majesty and authority. Most strikingly conspicuous in this imperial group is the great mikado himself, he who has thrust his nation forward to a first rank among the powers, who has astonished the world by the efficiency and perfection of his army and navy, who has shown that he and his people possess wisdom and forethought, as well as a surplusage of energy, and who in a single generation has developed the latent resources of the country beyond the anticipations of the most optimistic believer in mankind's boundless possibilities.

FREDERICK A. OBER.

THE EMPEROR

THE EMPRESS

THE CROWN PRINCESS



THE CROWN PRINCE

THE JAPANESE ROYAL FAMILY.

From photograph taken especially for this paper.

TYPICAL ANTHRACITE COAL MINER.

THE CAVY CRAZE.

Mrs. Poyer of Indiana and Her Strange Pets.

"What on earth is a cavy?" many people will ask. A cavy is second cousin to a guinea pig and ever so much prettier. It is also the style, which is sufficient to make it handsome were it the ugliest little wretch that ever crawled. Can you imagine a rat—but a Peruvian rat, which of course would be an odd looking creature—covered with long silky hair 6½ inches in length, a cross between a rat and a poodle dog? Not far from it, but in spite of this unflattering description animal fanciers say that nothing brought to America ever gained such popularity.

To Mrs. Edith Kingman Poyer of Woodstock, Ind., belongs the credit of originating the cavy craze. A few years ago few people knew or cared to know what a cavy was. Now only its price prevents all fashionable women from having one. When Mrs. Poyer started to raise them, she had to import her first specimens from England. Now she possesses a fine collection, and when she enters the building where they are kept a twitter of recognition rises from countless tiny throats, for they can sing quite like birds, and a few rare specimens can whistle as well as a boy.

Mrs. Poyer's colony of cavies and of Belgian hares has brought her a fortune, and there are many women who are now starting to follow her example and raise these little pets.

Photo by Tripp, Woodstock, Ills.

MRS. EDITH KINGMAN POYER.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITIA.

Efficiency Attained by the Use of Regular Army Methods.

Pennsylvania's militia, called out for service in the disturbed coal regions, has been noted for its soldierly qualities and efficiency since its reorganization in 1878. Formerly composed chiefly of brass buttoned officers, it is now in a most flourishing condition, both as regards numbers and fitness for active service. It has been built up on the theory that to fit the men for actual service under arms it is necessary to accustom them to life under similar conditions. This theory has been proved sound in practice, and the Keystone State knows through its experience in the Spanish-American war and during previous strikes that it can rely upon its citizen soldiery.

One of the main factors in holding the Pennsylvania militia up to so high a standard of efficiency is the system of camping followed every summer. Although the camp duty of each man lasts only eight days, he is expected during that week to follow a wartime routine.

General John P. S. Gobin, commander of the Third brigade of the militia and commander of the troops under arms, has a long and honorable record. He entered the civil war a lieutenant and emerged from the struggle with the stars of a brigadier general. Since the civil war he has practiced law at Lebanon, Pa., and has been prominent in political, Masonic and Grand Army circles. In all these fields of endeavor he has been very successful, reaching the positions of lieutenant governor, which he now holds, grand master of the grand commandery of Knights Templars and in the Grand Army commander in chief.

From a recent photograph.

GENERAL J. P. S. GOBIN.

ED SCOTT DECISION.

voked by Democrats to Sustain Anti-Expansion.

PUBLICAN POSITION IN 1860.

the Same Ground Then as Now, that Congress Has Full Power to ern All United States Territory ich Has Not Reached Statehood.

the deadly virus of states of the determination to the Union, if need be, to sus human slavery, inhere in the De David B. Hill, of New York, speech at Brooklyn recently, de that "it is monstrous doctrine the constitution does not extend the territories." He added, by way complete explanation, that "it only now been invoked to justify proposed establishment of colonial ernments, which are confessedly to and to remain outside of the constitution." In this historical state t, Governor Hill is forty years out the real; for the doctrine that he ounces was proudly incorporated the Republican party in its national form of 1860, upon which Abra Lincoln stood at the time of his tion to be president of the United tes. The seventh plank in that plat made:

7. That the new dogma,—that the stitution, of its own force, carries very into any or all of the terri ies of the United States,—is a dan ous political heresy, at variance the explicit provisions of that in ment itself, with contemporaneous sition, and with legislative and ju ial precedent; is revolutionary in its dency and subversive of the peace harmony of the country."

If this quotation is not plain enough show the genesis of the present ocratic way of stating the doctrine "the constitution follows the g" that had its birth in sup t of human slavery. It is put ond question by the eighth section the Republican national platform of same year, to-wit:

8. That the normal condition of the territory of the United States hat of freedom; that, as our repub n fathers, when they had abolished very in all our national territory, ained that 'no person should be de ved of life, liberty, or property hout due process of law,' it becomes duty, by legislation, whenever such islation is necessary, to maintain provision of the constitution inst all attempts to violate it; and deny the authority of congress, of erritorial legislature, or of any in iduals, to give legal existence to very in any territory of the United tes."

Here is the Democratic party ar ued forty years ago for setting de the express provisions of the stitution itself, in order to force ery into free territory. That too, today, was done under the very tical plea that they now put for d, that "the constitution of its own carries slavery into any territory the United States." Mr. Hill knows fectly well where the Democratic y got its pretended warrant for the trine that it advocated forty years and which it has now revived. In port of it, he quoted a United States reme court decision, which he gave "19 Howard, 393-477," denying that gress has plenary power to rule itory at its discretion.

Mr. Hill is too good a lawyer not to w that the quotation, whose origin thus concealed under technical ter, was really that most detested tion of Chief Justice Taney, known the Dred Scott decision, by which trol over the extension of the area slavery was denied to congress and any and every territory; and its t to indefinite expansion was de ed by a majority of the supreme rt to be implied in the very terms the constitution.

By the Dred Scott decision slavery declared to be the irreversible of the republic," and the basis of decision survives today in the ocratic national platform adopted Kansas City July 5, 1900, in the tly stated but misleading words "the constitution follows the This was born of that infamous ision, which the war shot to pieces, s it destroyed human slavery. The ocratic occasion of that day for the doctrine has been destroyed, but doctrine still survives, as pernicious as ever.

SCHURZ'S FOOL IDEA.

Of all campaign absurdities the fun is that Carl Schurz plan of elect Bryan, and then tying him up with publican congress. If he is right, ught to have a congress of his own carry out his wildest notions. e is wrong, he ought to be kept of all chance for making mischief ident. The people of the coun appreciate this exactly. An Iowa er hit it off to a nicety when he to Dolliver the other day:

"They want us to elect Bryan and tie him up, but I think the best to keep him from doing any mis f is to tie him up to a haystack on his farm in Nebraska and let stay there. That is the best place him."

The people understand pretty well the effect of electing Bryan will they don't take much stock in that his election will do no

BRYAN ON MONEY.

HIS FALSE PROPHECIES MADE FOUR YEARS AGO.

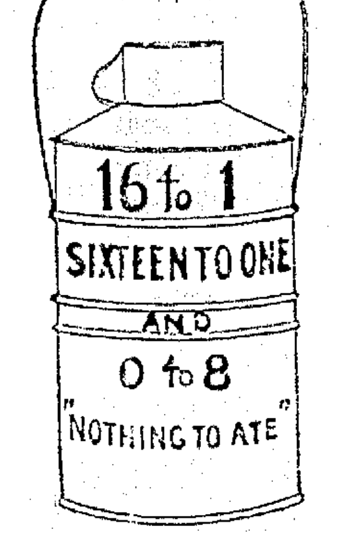
His Foolish Argument on the Taking of the German Loan—His Spite Against the Germans Shown by a Speech Made After His Defeat.

Bryan prophesies that, in case of McKinley's election, the Union will be sacrificed to imperialism, and that every young man will have to enter the army. Bryan proved himself a poor prophet in 1896. At that time he said: "If McKinley and the Republican party should be victorious, and remain at the head of the government for the next four years, wages will be reduced and hard times will follow. The price of wheat will steadily decline, while that of gold will steadily rise; the capitalists will foreclose the mortgages on our homes; factories and workshops will be closed. We will not only not be able to export any goods, but will even have to import such for our own necessities. Ruin, suffering and misfortune will be our lot." Everybody knows that exactly the opposite happened.

In his despair Bryan grabs at the most foolish arguments to catch votes. Now he even harps about the German loan placed in New York. He calls attention to the fact that American capitalists fight with each other to make a loan which brings only 4 per cent, and asks whether it is one of the blessings of a gold standard that money leaves our country to go abroad—just as if the American people had such great love for the German government as to permit a monetary system which takes money abroad for investment. It is hardly worth while to waste time on such silly arguments. It serves, however, as an illustration of the fact that Bryan does not rely upon the principles of a statesman, but attempts to arouse the people with such fallacies. That he is not a friend of the Germans is well known, as he never had any use for a German, for his defeat in 1896 was their work. Bryan could not refrain from giving vent to his spite against the Germans, for soon after his defeat he said in a public meeting in Des Moines, Ia.:

"The last time we were defeated by the votes of foreigners. We had a majority of the American-born voters. The foreigners did not understand the issues at stake, and we could not furnish them the necessary campaign literature."

Of course, these ignorant foreigners, who could not understand Bryan, and who would not hear of his fraudulent silver dollar, were no others than the Germans.



A BRYAN DINNER PAIL.

REQUIRES GOLD CLAUSE.

"That the New York state Democratic organization is plainly for the gold standard," is the assertion of Charles J. Patterson, a prominent Brooklyn Democrat, who also says, "that the United States guarantees that every silver dollar issued by the government shall be maintained at equal value with each gold dollar." This is his interpretation of the money bill passed by the Republican congress against the Democratic opposition, but it is not strong enough to suit him, for two mortgages recently taken by this good Bryan Democrat contain the stiffest sort of a stipulation for payment in gold. Four other Brooklyn money lenders have recently incorporated this gold provision in their mortgages, the call for them commencing at the start of the Bryan agitation.

SIGNIFICANT FACT.

Two most significant facts of the current campaign in its relation to the newspapers of the country may well be considered together. One is that not a single religious newspaper is an outspoken Bryan sympathizer. This on the authority of one of his strongest mugwump newspaper supporters. Along with this goes the fact that scarcely a southern newspaper of prominence is vigorous in its support of Bryan, and some of the most caustic criticism of his speeches and actions in the campaign come from his nominal newspaper supporters in the south.

English and European expressions of sympathy for Bryan and hope for his election, become more common and outspoken, and whenever found are traceable to their ill feeling over the loss of their trade gained by the United States under McKinley.

BRYAN A SCHEMER.

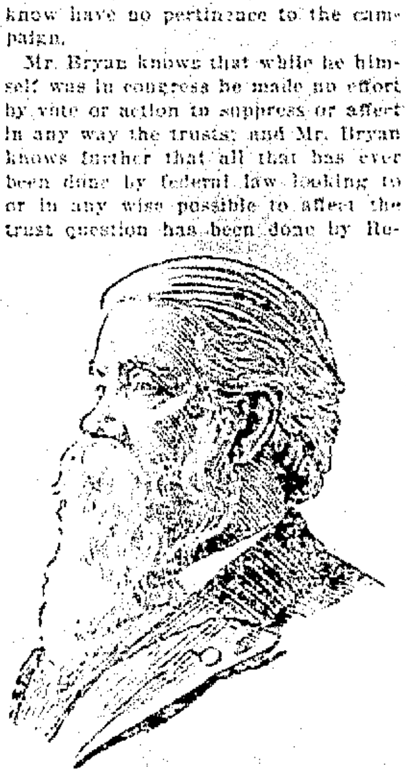
Gen. Grosvenor Pays His Respects to the Nebraskan.

ANALYSIS OF HIS ATTITUDE.

Bryan's Inaction as to Trusts When In Congress, Contrasted With His Attitude Now—His Issue of Imperialism a Mere Humbugging Scheme.

Mr. Bryan is the most scheming and slippery of all the politicians who ever struggled for the presidential office. Henry Clay stood by his guns when he knew that the discharge of them was fatal to his ambition. Webster never faltered in what he believed to be right, no matter what its effect might be upon him politically, and this characteristic is marked among all our great statesmen. Mr. Bryan is as ready to change and hop from twig to twig of a political tree as any bird ever was. He is a free silver man, in favor of free silver or nothing; and yet Mr. Bryan and his followers are today refusing to put forward free silver as a prominent and important issue, and on the contrary are hushing up their stump speakers and muzzling their newspaper writers, while they are talking about things which they know have no pertinence to the campaign.

Mr. Bryan knows that while he himself was in congress he made no effort by vote or action to suppress or affect in any way the trusts; and Mr. Bryan knows further that all that has ever been done by federal law looking to or in any wise possible to affect the trust question has been done by Re-



GENERAL GROSVENOR.

publicans, both in the national legislature and in the executive department. Mr. Bryan is aware of all this. He is aware that upon the very question which he is now harping about—a constitutional amendment to give to congress the power to legislate against corporations created by state legislation—that the Republican party put through the house of representatives, the popular branch of the government, a provision to submit a constitutional amendment, and he knows perfectly well that every prominent Democrat in that house voted against it.

He knows perfectly well that the leaders of his own party in the senate and the house made desperate efforts to confer enormous advantages upon the greatest monopoly existing in the United States, the sugar combination, and yet he charges the Republicans with being guilty of aiding the trusts.

Mr. Bryan knows that his talk about imperialism is humbug. He knows there is nothing of the kind in the United States. He knows perfectly well that imperialism is as impossible of achievement as transmigration or transformation of the human body and spirit. He knows that his whole cry of imperialism is the cry of a demagogue, is the cry of a hypocrite. Mr. Hoar is quite right. Although he says he did not say he called him a hypocrite, he proceeds to argue to show that a certain condition is likely to arise when he knows it will not arise. The only difference between Mr. Hoar, as quoted by Mr. Hanna, and Mr. Hoar as he quotes himself, is that Mr. Hoar describes the manners of a hypocrite absolutely and graphically, but does not put a label on it.

Behind it all stalks Bryan, a free trader; Bryan, the enemy to protection; Bryan, the enemy to the best interests of the labor of the United States, and Bryan, the great advocate of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at 16 to 1. His election would startle the world, and the prosperity of the last four years would be undone in an instant, and calamity greater than this country ever saw would follow.

C. H. GROSVENOR.

Athens, O.

NO USE FOR NEGROES.

With Bryan silent on the southern suppression of the negro vote, and with South Carolina Tillman stumping northern states for Bryan with boasts of that suppression, our "brothers in black" have just cause to wonder what political friendship there is for them in the Democratic party.

Hon. George H. White, the colored congressman from North Carolina, may well ask with pathos, in contrast with Bryan's professions of pity for the Filipinos, "Is not our condition worthy of his pity? Have we not earned our right to citizenship in this country? Did not 175,000 black men follow the Stars and Stripes in the Civil war, and did not the negro answer the call to arms two years ago? Why should we be excluded from Democratic pity?"

IT DON'T COUNT.

SOME OF BRYAN'S FALLACIES SHOWN UP TO VOTERS.

He Secured the Ratification of the Treaty With Spain—Did He Intend to Boodle the United States Out of Twenty Millions For Aguinaldo's Benefit?

It does not count with Bryan whether the peace treaty passed a good or a bad title for the Philippines. The matter of filching twenty millions of dollars from his fellow countrymen to reward monarchical Spain for a bad title to the Philippines does not count. The working for a treaty by him which perpetrated such a fraud on his country in order that he might be elected president, and thereby convene congress in extraordinary session for the single purpose of perpetrating another fraud by passing this bad title for the richest archipelago in the world over to this boodler, bribe taker, Aguinaldo, does not count. The fact of putting himself in the position of working for what must have been to him an insincere treaty; a treaty if it did not pass a good title, as claimed by the colonel, was then a treaty of fraud and false pretense, and to knowingly work for such a treaty would be perpetrating a fraud under false pretense. This did not count. Will the Democracy claim that a good title did not pass?

Take the other horn of the dilemma, and let Mr. Bryan claim that the title was good—a claim he can very easily make, as he is facile in flopping to which ever side produces a vote. It does not count, whether consistent or not. If a good title did pass (which is certainly true), then the surrendering of twenty million dollars to Spain for what would be no value to this country, if immediately turned over to Aguinaldo, does not count with Bryan. When the peace treaty was up for hearing, would it not have been the part of patriotism for Bryan to have said: "It is the intention to surrender these islands to Aguinaldo; therefore Spain should surrender her twenty millions of dollars?" Would a provision to pay anything for Cuba to Spain been considered for a moment? If it was right to pay Spain for the Philippines in order to turn them over to Aguinaldo, then it would have been right to pay Spain for Cuba, in order to carry out our promises to the Cubans. But these considerations do not count with Bryan.

Will the colonel risk his legal reputation on the opinion that congress has the constitutional power to surrender territory of the nation to which it has a good title? If it has the power, then what is to hinder it parting with the District of Columbia, or any other territory? If a good title passed for the Philippines, then congress has no more right to surrender them than it has to surrender the District of Columbia.

When Colonel Bryan says he will convene congress in extraordinary session, in order to turn this greatest and richest archipelago in the world, for which he has helped Spain to extort twenty millions of dollars from his fellow countrymen, over to that bandit, bribe-taker and boodler, Aguinaldo, he does not mean it. Let us give him credit for having too much legal ability. Therefore to prevaricate in order to gain votes does not count.

Is a man who cares so little for his country's flag and his country's finances that he will attempt to do the unprecedented, unpopular, unpatriotic and unconstitutional act of pulling down the American flag on American soil, surrendering American territory to Malay bandits, and squandering twenty millions of dollars of his country's money on the most tyrannical monarchy of Europe—is such a man to be trusted as the chief executive of the nation?

> "It will be noted that the demand is for the immediate restoration of the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1. If another issue is paramount, this is immediate."
>
> —From President McKinley's Letter of Acceptance.

NO AUTHORITY FOR IT.

Where is there one word of warrant in the constitution, or in the declaration of independence even, for the Democratic plan of an armed protectorate over the Philippine islands? Bryan makes much noise about it, but would not any assumption of such authority, particularly by the president or even by congress, over territory not a part of the United States (and that is exactly what the Democrats declare to be the condition of the Philippine archipelago) be the most radical, complete and absolute assumption of autocratic authority, without an iota of any kind of constitutional right? In a word, would it not be pure and unmitigated imperialism? Can any Democrat give any warrant in the laws or precedents of the United States for their protectorate plan?

"Were they afraid it would pass?" was the pointed question asked of the Democratic party by a New York commercial traveler the other day, as his answer to their pretended concern over the absence of sufficient Federal legislation to restrict trusts. His query followed another one wondering why the Democrats did not offer some measure in congress to meet the case, no matter whether they were in a minority or a majority.

CHAIRMAN JONES

And His Trust Controlling Round Cotton Bales.

PROVISIONS OF THE TEXAS LAW

Against Trusts, Under Which Suit Has Been Brought at Waco to Compel This Trust to Cease Doing Business in the Lone Star State.

Senator Jones of Arkansas, Democratic campaign chairman, will not soon hear the last of his connection with a trust, in partnership with Searles of the sugar trust. The St. Louis Republic, the Missouri Bryan organ, feels so much concern over "the American Cotton company's monopoly," which has been the subject of much condemnation by Republican speakers, because Senator Jones, a Democrat, is connected with it, that it takes pains to explain that this "is based on the patent of an invention." The Republic says that when the patent expires, all manufacturers can then use the invention, but adds that "until that time it is properly secured to the inventor."

Evidently, the Republic does not keep posted upon the drift of discussion upon this very question of Jones and his round cotton bale trust in the banner Democratic state of Texas, although that is within the Republic's own territory. This concern is looked upon in Texas as one of the most gigantic and far-reaching of all the trusts. "It has almost driven the square bale cotton out of business, and nothing can keep it from monopolizing the entire traffic very soon, with a tremendous tax upon the entire cotton producing and handling trade," except the rigid enforcement of the Texas anti-trust law.

This corporation was the subject of several attacks during the last session of the Texas legislature, and well known Democratic members said some very harsh things about the Hon. James K. Jones, president of the corporation, who is also chairman of the Democratic national committee. It was at first intended to pass a law especially prohibiting the company from doing business in Texas, and such a bill was introduced in the house by Representative Cole, but it was deemed that it would be class legislation, and that the company's exclusion from the state should be obtained through the new anti-trust law.

In order, however, to make sure of reaching that end in this new law a special provision was inserted and adopted, designed expressly to meet the very point now raised by Jones' defenders—the protection of the patent law—for it reads:

"Each corporation, co-partnership, firm or individual who may be the owner or lessee of a patent to any machinery intended, used or designed for manufacturing any raw materials or preparing the same for market by any wrapping, baling or other process, who shall lease, rent or operate the same in their own name and refuse or fail to put the same on the market for sale, shall be adjudged a monopoly, and be subject to all the pains and penalties provided in this act."

This special provision hits the cotton bale trust squarely between the eyes, for it has refused to sell any of its machines, operating them only under lease or through its own agents, the very offense provided against in the Texas act.

The law also provides that some officer of every corporation doing business in Texas shall make oath that it is not a trust, nor in any way operated in violation of the anti-trust law. A copy of this blank affidavit was sent to James K. Jones, president, and it has been returned properly sworn to, the officer making the necessary oath being George W. Oakley, secretary, of New York city.

How such an oath could be made as to Texas, in view of the explicit provision of the Texas statute, just quoted, will puzzle plain people, but President and Chairman Jones, through his secretary, seems to have strained his conscience with perfect ease. It is not surprising, however, to learn that, notwithstanding this affidavit, the foregoing and other provisions of the anti-trust law are being violated by this corporation in Texas, and these charges may result in indictments being returned against the alleged guilty officers of the corporation by the grand juries of several of the judicial districts of the state within the next few weeks.

Is it not a curious conclusion to a campaign based upon a pretended attack upon trusts, by the party that never did anything in congress against the trusts, and that has refused to vote for the only practical way to get at the unlawful combinations, that its national committee chairman will be brought into court in the banner state of the same party, for violation of the laws in that state against trusts, as president of an unlawful monopoly? Evidently, the people of Texas, judging from this law, think with Bryan that there is "no trust but a bad trust," except that a cotton bale trust is worst of all.

During the year ending with September, the national bank note circulation increased $85,046,245. That is the Republican kind of increase of circulation—every dollar backed by a dollar, and good always and everywhere, no fiat about it.

WAR WILL END

WITH THE ELECTION OF M'KINLEY TO THE PRESIDENCY.

Recently Captured Filipino Documents Prove This—Sandico's Letter to a Rebel Officer Makes This Statement With Absolute Frankness.

In the latest batch of insurgent documents captured in Luzon and forwarded to the war department by General MacArthur, are letters from agents for the Filipino junta at Hongkong, which express their views with great freedom. One of these is from Teodoro Sandico to Lieutenant Colonel Castancia Tinio of the insurgent army, in which the writer says in part:

"If the reelection of Mr. McKinley be accomplished and the revolution in China be wiped out, and the war in the Transvaal take no new complications, then will I be the first to accept the peace that I believe to be necessary, though it be at the cost of acknowledging the sovereignty of the United States, since I consider that our forces are now impotent to defend our sacred and legitimate rights."

General MacArthur, in transmitting these papers, says that "possibly Sandico is as close to Aguinaldo as any of the leaders who continue in open hostility."

A letter from Regio, written from Hongkong to Sandico, discusses the Philadelphia anti-imperialist convention, and expresses the view that the alleged victories obtained by the Filipinos exercise great influence "on the very impressionable minds of the American people." He concludes:

"This impression is and will be one of the determined causes of our triumph, which triumph will come soon if we but resist a little more, now that but little is lacking to change the announced elections, as with the downfall of McKinley comes the ascendance of the starred banner over our soil."

There is no doubt but that Sandico, in this confidential letter, expressed not only his own feeling but that of the Filipino leaders in general. If Bryan be defeated, the end of the insurrection will be at once in sight. They will yield obedience to the lawful authority of the United States and the Philippine war will be over. There will then be no difficulty in extending our rule to the small area of those islands which is yet disturbed, and by the time McKinley's second term is over there will not be a man in the United States but will be glad that we have retained the archipelago and extended the blessings of freedom and civilization under the American flag to the isles of the sea.

THE WAGE EARNERS.

Savings Bank Figures Show Their Prosperous Condition.

Mr. Bryan rashly takes the ground that the wage-earners of the United States have not benefited by the prosperity of the past four years. His theory is that they have had to pay more for what they have bought, and that this has more than covered the increased wages which they they received. Mr. Bryan, as usual, is talking theoretically, without due reference to facts. The figures refute his theory.

In the fiscal year ended June 30, 1896, the wages paid in the United States amounted to $2,605,750,183. For the fiscal year ended June 30, 1900, the total was $3,125,750,000. The increase over 1896 is $520,000,000. Now, if the wage-earners have been compelled to spend all their increased earnings on the increased cost of living, the fact would be shown, and it would appear in the item of savings banks deposits. The fact that the bread winners earned less than they spent was shown clearly by the savings bank deposits of 1894, which decreased more than $27,000,000 for that year.

But from 1895 to 1899 the savings bank deposits of the wage earners increased by more than $420,000,000. The reports for the fiscal year ended June 30 last show that the ratio of gain has been more than retained, so that the savings bank deposits today are not less than $2,500,000,000. Now, please note the following interesting table of comparisons:

Wage-earners, 1900	7,500,000
Wage payments, 1900	$3,125,750,000
Savings bank depositors, 1900	6,000,000
Savings bank deposits, 1900	$2,600,000,000
Wage-earners, 1896	5,300,000
Wage earnings, 1896	$2,605,750,000
Savings bank depositors, 1896	5,065,494
Savings bank deposits, 1896	$1,907,156,277

These figures, which are official, show that Mr. Bryan's rag-time theory has no basis of fact. The increased cost of living, of which he prates, is largely a myth. The increase in wages is a solid fact, and is reflected in the increased deposits in the savings banks by the workingmen of the United States.

In two months talking Mr. Bryan has not yet given so much as a single word in support of the Democratic platform of a protectorate which he has so fondly adopted, to show the legal authority for it in the constitution, laws or the supreme court decisions; nor has any other Democratic speaker, nor any Democratic paper. It is an entire innovation upon all American precedent, and, as such, the very essence and spirit of imperialism.

TRAVELING MEN.

Stories of Defection From McKinley Not Borne Out.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. CHAS. FLAGG

National Secretary of the Order of United Commercial Travelers—More Men Now Employed Than at Any Previous Time in Our History.

The Democratic party, through its orators and papers, is endeavoring to make it appear that there is widespread disaffection among the traveling men. It has declared that the organization of trusts and combines has thrown large numbers of commercial travelers out of employment, and that they propose to work and vote for Bryan in order to crush trusts.

The Toledo Blade has just interviewed Mr. Charles B. Flagg, national secretary of the Order of United Commercial Travelers, the headquarters of which are in Columbus. This is a secret order, membership carrying $6,000 life insurance. It has in the Union fully 30,000 members, and Ohio takes the lead in state membership. Mr. Flagg was asked by The Blade reporter to state facts coming under his observation in regard to this Democratic charge.

"Well," said he, "what is it you want to know?"

"First, before discussing the Democratic charge, how about the statement recently published in Republican journals that the number of commercial travelers in the United States is larger at present than in any preceding year of our history? Can you give any facts which will afford an answer to this question?"

"It is very hard to answer with accuracy," responded Mr. Flagg. "My own personal belief, based upon what I know of the Order of United Commercial Travelers, is that it is absolutely correct."

"How about the statements in the Cincinnati Enquirer and other Democratic papers that there is widespread disaffection among traveling men on the matter of trusts, and that they will not support McKinley? So far as facts are within your own knowledge, what can you say as to this?"

"We have in this city of Columbus a few over 800 members of the order. I can count on the fingers of my two hands all the men who have lost positions through a combination or trust. All of those, so far as I am advised, have secured an equally good or better situation in some other line of the business—of course he still remains a traveling man.

"We have today on file in this office a number of applications for traveling men to fill certain specific lines of work. We have also some applications from traveling men for employment. The latter, however, are those of men who were not fitted for the special lines of business in which we have openings. When there are first-class situations, at high salaries, in the higher branches of the traveling profession, going begging for lack of qualified applicants, the inevitable deduction is that business is good."

"What is the feeling among traveling men as between the two candidates for the presidency?"

"Of course," answered Mr. Flagg, "we have men of all politics among the members of this order. I do not know of any defection from McKinley among Republican traveling men. The fact is, in times of business depression such as followed the Wilson law under Cleveland, vastly more men are laid off by their houses, simply because it does not pay to keep them on the road, than have been laid off through any combinations of industrials by trusts or monopolies. The boys on the road all find plenty to do. They are happy and cheerful, and when they report at these headquarters they are all sanguine that the business conditions will continue. Our Democratic boys are good-natured about it, and when their Republican brethren say that if McKinley is elected good times will continue for another four years, they laugh and say nothing."

Just here another gentleman, a member of the order, who was sitting by and listening to the conversation, made this remark: "This order has a very large membership in the southwest, among men who are Democrats by birth and inheritance. I was talking a year or so ago to a Texas traveling man—a Democrat, of course—about Mr. Bryan, and asked him if he proposed to support that gentleman again in 1900. Said he, 'Well, I voted for Bryan in 1896; I stood by him until cotton went up to 7½ cents, and then I had to give him the shake. I will vote and work for the man who can bring prosperity to the cotton planters of the south.'"

When one remembers that cotton is now over 3 cents higher than the limit the Texan gentleman fixed, it is plain there are further additional reasons why he and all other intelligent men should take the same view as himself and support McKinley.

On the just ground that a republican form of government no longer exists in the state, such as the constitution requires, since so many of the citizens have been deprived of their right to vote, the North Carolina Republicans will make no particular attempt to get out their vote in that state—knowing it is no use, because the new Democratic law disfranchises about half of the Republican voters.

Diggings From Early Records of Marion County

Relating to Early Crimes and Criminal Proceedings—The Celebrated Mud Pike Steal.

Early specimens of the genus homo hereabouts were commonly sturdy in their honesty and integrity, neighborly and kind unto each other, but the woods were nevertheless full of colossal robbers and petty thieves. They couldn't make much by breaking into a pioneer's cabin, or holding up a wayfarer in the tall timber, but loose goods and chattels were their prey. A fat hog or a buxom heifer were often their meat. Robbers would drive them off into the wild wilderness at night and nine times out of ten they would never be heard of again. One William Quay, a pioneer citizen of Marion county, probably no relation to Pennsylvania's Matt, had his entire winter's supply of sausage stolen in one night. He had hung them up in an outhouse to dry. He did not expect the gut links to evaporate in one night. Both the sausage and the thieves are still missing. The sausage is quite old.

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Probably the first taste the settlers of Marion county had of a public robbery on a large scale was about the year 1828. But all the counties between Columbus and Sandusky, and even throughout the state, got a taste of the same thing and Marion had lots of company. It was in the projection and construction of the old Columbus and Sandusky turnpike, wherein a shrewd company of Columbus speculators got in their graft, from the government down to the early settlers. They obtained a charter and a grant for every alternate section or tier of sections of land wherever the road passed through government possessions. That was a snap to begin with.

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But it was only a start. The master spirit of the great enterprise was Colonel James Kilbourne of Columbus—not the past and future Democratic gubernatorial candidate—and he was doing the thing out of his own pure love of the great and growing west. The pioneers thought so. The road was to be built of "good and substantial material," drained and kept in good repair.

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The company chopped and dug its way through the swamps and timber 106 miles to Sandusky, taking up land grants all the way. They tugged and hauled and plowed and scraped their way over the route, but not a single load of stone or gravel did they put on it from end to end. On the contrary it was composed of sods, muck and clay—"good and substantial material!" Through Marion county, with its low, flat land, the road was the worst. It wasn't even a decent mud road. Every citizen of Marion county has heard of the old "Mud pike." That is it. It was sometimes called "the clay pike."

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Well, the company got its land grants fastened all right. Then what do you suppose they did after receiving all this government land? They didn't do athing but erect toll-gates all along the route. Not only that, but they had the supreme gall to collect the same rates of toll on their "Mud pike," even in the wet season, as was charged on the best piked roads.

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This monstrous swindle aroused the ire of the pioneers, and after a dozen years of mud holes and toll paying they got up and signed remonstrances from one end of the muddy route to the other. Marion county kickers put their petitions before the legislature through George Sharp of Delaware, representative from this district. An investigation disclosed that it was the most gigantic fraud of the century upon all the people in the vicinity of the route.

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Legislation was slow, as usual, and the pioneers began to demolish the toll-gates upon their own account. Against this destruction the company instituted legal proceedings, but every tollgate was demolished and that was the last heard of the Columbus and Sandusky Turnpike company. It was doubtless the first trust that ever operated in Marion county.

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There is a legendry tale handed down from generation to generation that a pair of pioneer robbers once tried to steal in Big Island township an entire ten-acre field of Indian corn, fodder and all! But this story is not well authenticated.

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Probably the meanest man in all Marion county in pioneer days was one Jim Clark, although, like many of the meanest, he was never under arrest. In 1833 he became a candidate for county treasurer. There appeared to be an unusual number of cripples in Marion that year and they all became candidates for treasurer. Among them were men named Jeffrys and Vincent. These and other cripples hobbled about town on crutches and canes, wearing woe-begone countenances, seeming to say by look and action, "Gentlemen, my claims are apparent." This broke up Clark. He wasn't in it against the sympathy racket. He therefore withdrew from the unequal contest and published a card in the local papers, saying, "Go it, ye cripples!"

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He was consequently pronounced the meanest man in Marion county—by cripples.

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Star readers have heretofore been told of the first riot in Marion in 1839, when a "nigger" named Bill Anderson, who had escaped from "Old Virginny" and his "marstar," was the bone of contention. A slave agent came to take Bill back, but the town divided into slavery and anti-slavery factions and there was a riot. As a result the agent was driven out of town and Bill remained. During the fracas the cry of "To arms!" was raised by a local printer, but when the clash came he was back at the case sticking type. Blood ran, but no fatalities.

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Lynch law was often adopted by border settlers, but no lynching bee was ever pulled off within the borders of Marion county, so far as reported.

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But Marion county, then as now, had an able bench and bar, and the lawyers, though paying practice license, were able to keep the wolf from the cabin door. Divorce business was on the bum then, the settlers being easily satisfied in the matter of husbands and wives, though a few men are said to have had their concubines.

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But criminal cases were proportionately as many as they are today. Bradford R. Durfee, Judge Ozias Brown, General James H. Godman and Captain William E. Scofield were among the early attorneys who handled the big suits.

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Up to 1884 there had been twenty-two murders committed in Marion county. Several have happened since, the details of which are familiar to most Star readers. The most notable old-time murder was that of Mrs. Levi Ulsh, in 1861, when the shot of an unknown and undiscovered assassin crashed through a window in the darkness of eve and killed her.

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There was a tickling vein of quaint humor mingled with ridicule in some of the modes of handling evil-doers. In Marion, along in the thirties, when the citizens desired to rid the town of objectionable characters they organized what was called "a court of renegades." General Rowe, Doctor Johnson and Justice Williams often acted as judges, while William Robbins, William Fisher and others appeared as attorneys. A very solemn and impressive trial would be given a victim, ending with an imperative order to get out of town.

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This was done to a person known as "Long Island Sound," who, with his wife and mother-in-law, disgraced an aristocratic neighborhood of the town of Marion. A jury was impaneled and the "court of renegades" proceeded with ludicrous pomp and ceremony to try "Long Island Sound" and his family. The result was that they made faster time along the road to Big Island than was permitted by the ordinances. Thus were the morals of the old town improved.

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Soon after that a Swiss scissors-grinder visited Marion. He couldn't talk a word of English, but he at once bucked up against English ways as practiced by the boys of Marion. They stole his four-legged grinding machine when he wasn't looking and placed it astraddle of the old market house. The Switzer ransacked the town for it, using all the swear words known to the republic of Switzerland. Thereupon a "court of renegades" was immediately convened and gave him a prompt trial. Quick justice was given him by escorting him to the door of the court room and pointing out his scissors grinder on top of the market house. When it was restored to him he left the town in disgust.

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The "court room" was always packed.

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There was a wicked old chap around Marion in those days who was very profane and always drunk. One day he stepped into the office of the venerable and pious 'Squire Davis. He was told that such language was unlawful and he would be fined twenty-five cents for each and every profane word. Mad as a wet hen the man jerked a Spanish milled dollar from his pocket to pay the fine, but the 'squire had no change. The dollar was forced upon the 'squire with the statement from the man that he would swear out the change. As he left he gave one more cuss word and remarked: "I've got my change!"

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The next day two colored women were taken down with hydrophobia.

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They have since died.

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"Lone are the paths and sad the bower
Whence the meek smile is gone;
But, Oh, a brighter home than ours
In heaven is now thine own."

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Bears were not arrested for killing the whites. They were benevolently assimilated.

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The first criminal case ever brought before the local court of common pleas was that of a leading citizen against whom it was charged that with force and arms at Center township, in the county of Marion aforesaid, and within the jurisdiction of this court, did sell spirituous liquors by less quantity than one quart, to-wit: One pint of whisky to one David A. Town, to be drunk at the place where sold." This man paid a fine of one dollar and costs and continued to be a leading citizen. He is, in fact, to this day referred to with great reverence and respect.

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Even the Indians were not exempt from criminal prosecution. At the September term, 1825, of the common pleas court one Half John Frost, alias Dannubee, and General George Washington, alias Mundundee, two Wyandot braves, were up for criminal offenses, but were released. At this time the sheriff and the clerk could not afford to let any criminal business get away, for they were each getting an annual salary of $35 a year! Their terms were seven years each. A common way of setting prisoners free was through the habeas corpus. One charged with horse stealing, one with perjury and one with forgery were thus turned loose in 1825.

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It might be said that the criminal records of one day in Marion county now, including the city police court and the township justices, would exceed those of a whole year in those early times. This is due to greatly increased population and prosperity.

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The slander cases were few and far between, not because the early population could not be slandered, but for the reason that everybody attended to his own business and kept a padlock on his talking instrument.

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"'Mid pleasures and palaces though we
may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place
like home."

WEEVIL IN WHEAT

Is Said To Be Doing Damage to Grain in Storage.

A local grain dealer suggests to the Star that owners of wheat, who have their last year's grain in bins had better make examination, for the weevil is doing damage to the old grain. The pest seems to prevail throughout Ohio, and there have been scores of instances where its work has been discovered in Marion county.

Grain buyers are reported to have had grain brought to them that was so badly damaged they were unable to accept it.

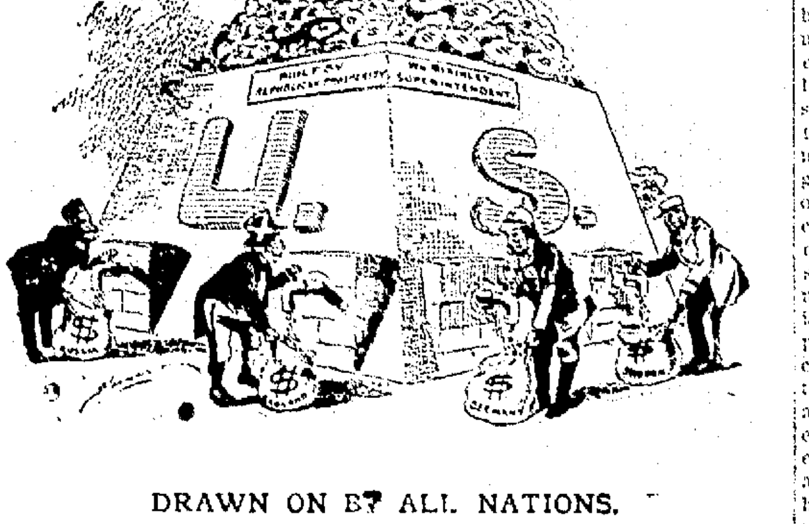
Prompt examination and immediate care, in case the weevil is working in grain, will save considerable loss.

BURGLARS

Go Through the Home of Samuel Almendinger Saturday Night.

The residence of Samuel Almendinger, south of town, was entered Saturday night while he and his wife were absent by a band of Gypsies. Mr Almendinger's wedding suit, which only had been worn a few times, a jar of apple butter, a revolver and number of other articles. Mr. Almendinger reported the matter to the police and an investigation is to be made.

Can't be perfect health without pure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters makes pure blood. Tones and invigorates the whole system.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DRAWN ON BY ALL NATIONS.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CLIMATE IN SUMMER,

A Letter from Dr. F. W. Thomas, Noting Some Interesting Observations Relative to the Golden Gate State.

Claremont, Cal., Sept. 26, 1900.

Editor Star:—As many people in the East have a wrong impression of Southern California climate in summer time, possibly a few lines from this section on that subject may be of interest to your readers.

Until we had the actual experience, we supposed, as many others do, that as the winters were so mild, the summers would of course be almost unbearable in account of the heat. This is far from the truth. After an experience of one year here, we are strongly inclined to the opinion that the summer is really the more pleasant time of the year in many respects. While the country is arrayed in her most beautiful garb in winter time, on account of the rains which occur then, and everything seems fresh and bright, at the same time, in summer, there is such an evenness of temperature, such a dryness in the atmosphere, and such an abundance of sunshine, which, with the never-failing trade winds daily tempering the air, make it a treat to live in such a climate. From April to October no rain is expected, and the people take advantage of this season to live out of doors a great deal of the time, which is always the most healthful mode after all, in nature's own bedroom and parlor. Everybody plans for an outing some time during the summer, either in the mountains or at the seashore, as fancy dictates, and while there are many places well equipped for the accommodation of visitors and tourists, a great many prefer to take their own tent along and make that their abode for days or weeks as the case may be. This plan is perfectly practical and is one of the customs of the country, and some favorite canons in the mountains will have anywhere from fifty to five hundred at one time living in tents, enjoying the cool mountain air, while others go to the seashore, where they can indulge in the delightful experience of surf-bathing and fishing. Many people come from the interior, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas and Colorado to enjoy the summer at the ocean, which is always full of interest to those living any distance from the shore. It is the constant prevalence of the trade winds cooling the air and bracing ones nerves that gives California such preference over the hot belts further inland, in summer time. We are about forty miles from the ocean here, but the sea breeze is as regular in its coming as the sun that shines. And sometimes the sun shines very hot, but with this delightful breeze of salt air one doesn't mind the heat as he would in a heavy, murky atmosphere there. While the whole East and Middle West were suffering so with the heat this summer, we were enjoying the finest kind of weather here. Outside of a few hot days the latter part of July and the first two days of August, we had no discomfort whatever from the heat thus far, and the nights are invariably cool, thus insuring a good night's rest from the day's labor.

For the reasons above given, I am convinced that those who come to this country in winter, seeking health, should remain the whole year round in order to get better results. This opinion is prevailing more and more among those who try the plan and observe its results. It is true that the fogs frequently roll in from the ocean at night, making the air quite chilly, and delicate people should remain indoors at such times, but they roll back again in the morning, and the effect is to cool the atmosphere for the whole day, and in this respect are greatly enjoyed by many people in summer time. A sea fog coming in over a dry, sandy country is an entirely different thing from a fog arising from a damp soil.

Of course during the summer all vegetation is kept alive by irrigation, and Californians have the irrigating business reduced to a science, and while this is the third dry year, the majority of the fruit crops are doing well, the orange and lemon output this year being in excess of all previous records. This means that many new wells have had to be dug, and many old ones made deeper in order to get an adequate supply of water. The great hope of the people is that this winter will bring an abundance of rain to replenish the supply that is being so heavily drawn upon at the present time. No one seems to be worrying much about the situation. All believe the rain will come, as it has in the past. The long, dry summer of course makes dusty roads, especially where there is much sand. In order to overcome this annoyance, several plans are being pursued. One, the most general and substantial, is, to macadamize the roads with disintegrated granite, which can be readily obtained from the foothill regions and certainly makes as fine a road as one could wish, but it is somewhat expensive. Another plan is to sprinkle the main roads at public expense, but this is a large undertaking and quite expensive. The other plan that is becoming a favorite in many localities is to apply a coat of crude oil to the track about once a month. This is quite effectual and will probably be adopted extensively in the future as oil wells are being put down in many sections her with encouraging results. In fact, many expect a regular boom in oil after awhile.

California has just recently celebrated her semi-centennial as a state. Festivities were indulged in to a greater or lesser extent in every section, San Francisco leading off with immense parades and celebrations suitable to the occasion. People who settle here become very loyal to the Golden West, even though they cherish sweet memories of their homes beyond the Rockies and the Mississippi. Every state in the union is well represented, and the Ohio man is here all right enough as he is everywhere else. It is claimed that there are between 25,000 and 30,000 Buckeyes now living in the state of California, and more will come in the future, for in addition to the many attractions and inducements that legitimately belong here, our new insular possessions, together with the rapidly developing trade in the Orient are sure to give all commercial interests and business enterprises an impetus that will be far-reaching in effect, and will certainly attract many wide-awake people. California is all right on the question of expansion and will cast her vote accordingly.

F. W. T.

A MAD DOG

Creates a Scene in the Village of Martel Last Week.

Martel, Oct. 8.—A mad dog created a scare here last week. Some narrow escapes were made by animals and people. A dog belonging to James Sharrock was bitten and shot. No one knows to whom the rabid dog belonged.

Charles Fitch is here on a flying trip from Greenville, Pa. He returns this evening, taking with him a valuable Jersey cow.

The new minister failed to fill the regular appointment in the M. E. church Sunday.

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, no Pay. Price 25 cents.

Cash or Credit. THE MARION DEPT. CO. Cash or Credit.

STOVES

We sell all kinds of Stoves, from the smallest HEATERS to the largest Heaters. COOK Stoves of all kinds and sizes and Steel RANGES that will make you wonder how we sell them for such a little bit of money. Easy payments at the

Dept. Co.

$16.00 to $40.00.

205 and 207 E. Center St.

NOW IS THE TIME
TO ENTER THE
NIGHT SCHOOL
At the MARION BUSINESS COLLEGE,
Cor. West Center and Prospect Sts., Marion, O.

☞ The Great Advantages of this School are: That it begins early in the Fall and continues FORTY WEEKS, giving sufficient time in ONE SEASON to complete a COURSE, or to advance far enough to be able to do creditable office work.

The FALL TERM opens Oct. 1st, and all earnest, ambitious young people will START AT ONCE. Don't delay; success often depends upon prompt action and a determination to improve.

Our training in Bookkeeping, Office Work, Shorthand, Typewriting, English branches and Civil Service, gives what is most needed to secure better-paying positions.

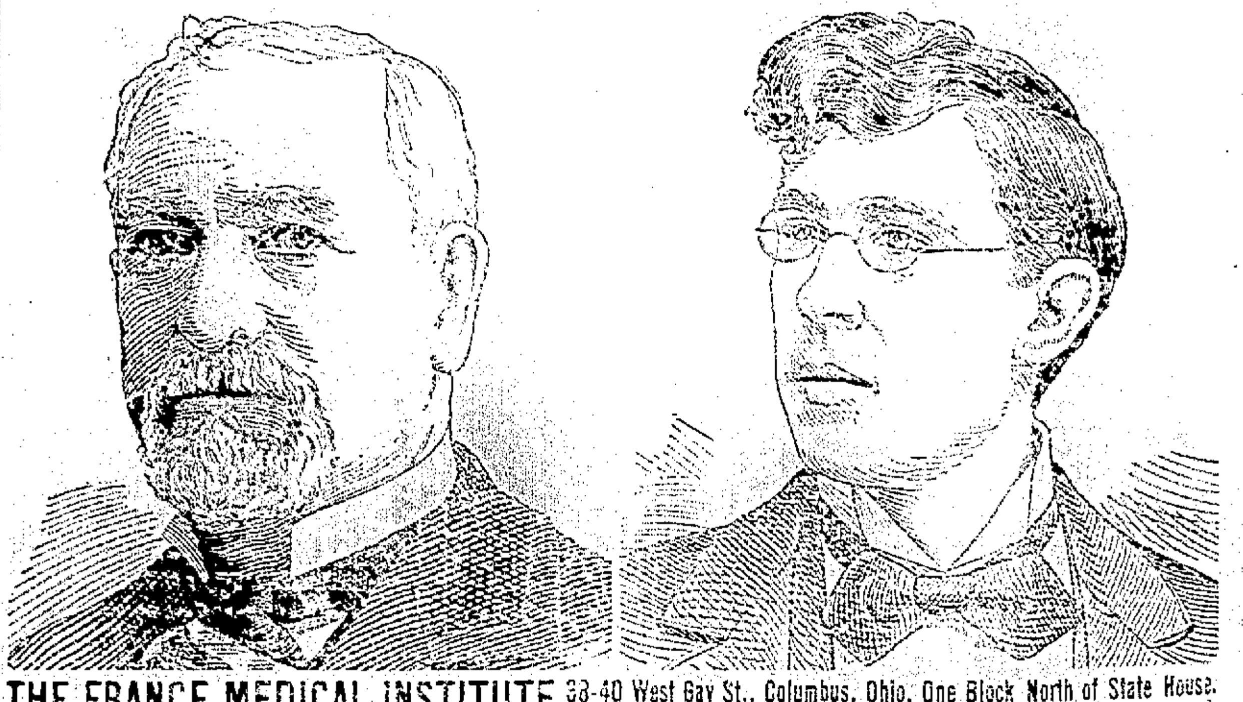
☞ Call or write for interesting Booklet.

The PRENDERGAST LUMBER & COAL CO.
HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL KINDS OF LUMBER AND COAL
PHONE 8
OUR SPECIALTY EVERYTHING

COMING! THE CHIEF CONSULTING AND EXAMINING PHYSICIAN OF THE FRANCE MEDICAL INSTITUTE CO BY REQUEST WILL VISIT MARION,

and can be consulted in their Private Rooms at the EUROPEAN HOTEL, MONDAY, October 22, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

CONSULTATION AND EXAMINATION FREE AND STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.



THE FRANCE MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 38-40 West Gay St., Columbus, Ohio, One Block North of State House. Established 1886. Largest Practice and Most Complete Institute of its kind in U. S. Our record of wonderful cures is second to none. During the past 20 years we have successfully treated thousands of people. Our practice not only extends throughout the United States, Canada, and Mexico, but also includes many foreign countries. Our long experience, remarkable skill, and universal success for the past twenty years in Ohio, entitles us to the full confidence of the afflicted. The Celebrated France Treatment is acknowledged by many, including prominent physicians, as being the most complete and successful treatment known to the medical world, for diseases of men and women. WONDERFUL CURES EFFECTED in old cases which have been unskilfully treated.

NO MONEY REQUIRED OF RESPONSIBLE PARTIES TO COMMENCE TREATMENT.

WHAT WE TREAT. We positively cure all curable cases of the Stomach and Bowels, such as Dyspepsia, Constipation, Piles, Diarrhoea; Eye and Ear Diseases; Deformities and Surgical Diseases, Chronic and Desperate Rheumatic, Heart and Liver Diseases; Blood and Skin Diseases, such as Scrofula, Ulcers, Eczema, Pimples, Freckles, etc.; Female Diseases, especially those which have baffled the skill of other physicians. Epileptic Fits, Rupture permanently cured by a new, scientific method. Brain, Spinal and Nervous Diseases, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Headache, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Nervous Exhaustion, Spinal Irritation. Cancer Cured Without the Use of a Knife. Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Inflammation of the Bladder, Enlarged Prostate, frequent and dribbling Urination, etc. Throat, Lung and Nasal Diseases, such as Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Deafness, etc., cured by our original system of home treatment.

It costs no more to employ an expert than to risk your life with an inexperienced physician.

PRIVATE AND SEXUAL DISEASES.—A perfect cure guaranteed in all curable cases. Lost Manhood, Spermatorrhoea, Seminal Weakness, Effects of Youthful Indiscretion and Sexual Excesses, Nervous Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Confusion of Ideas, Aversion to Society, Loss of Memory and Energy, Impotency, etc., quickly and permanently cured by an original treatment. Gonorrhoea, Syphilis, Gleet, Stricture, Hydrocele and Varicocele cured in the shortest possible time, without the use of mercury or hindrance from business. Curable cases guaranteed when others have failed. Low charges, and consultation free; correspondence sacredly confidential.

The France System of Local Treatment with Medicated Pad for Men is positively the most complete and successful known for weak and undeveloped organs.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES.—After years of experience, there has been discovered the greatest cure known for all diseases peculiar to the sex. Female diseases positively cured by a new method. The cure is effected by home treatment. Entirely harmless and easily applied. Consultation and correspondence free and strictly confidential.

Treatment by Correspondence. Each person applying for Medical Treatment should bring or send from two to four ounces of urine, which will receive a careful chemical and microscopical examination. We have cured thousands of cases we have never seen. Write for book of 100 pages and list of 500 questions. Correspondence, Consultation, and Examination free and strictly confidential. No names published without the written consent of the patient. Treatment sent by mail or express to any part of the United States.

Call on or Address The France Medical Institute Co., 38 West Gay St., Columbus, Ohio.

EXPANSION.

At times we want expansion in our dinner table; other times we don't.

We handle only the kind that is easy to expand and contract—an easy pull—no straining, pounding or jarring.

They work easy because they are built that way. Other dining room furniture.

William Fies

135 S. Main St., Marion, O.

DR. A. MELVILLE CRANE

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Calls Answered Promptly in the City or Country

Diseases and Surgery of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Especial attention given to fitting of spectacles.

Office at new building, 118 E. Center St. Telephone 47 Marion, O

G. H. MASTERS, M. D.,

PROSPECT, OHIO.

Rectal specialist, late of New York Polyclinic, has removed his office to Snell House parlors, No. 220 east Church street, Marion, Ohio, where he will be found during the summer, WEDNESDAY of each week, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Will guarantee a cure of all rectal diseases, viz: Hemorrhoids, or piles, fissures, fistula, ulcer prolapse chronic or malignant diseases of every character.

Dr. F. M. Baldwin,

has located in Marion with offices at 215 west Center street. He will answer all professional calls promptly, day or night. Office hours 7 to 9 a. m., 1 to 3 p. m. and 6 to 8 p. m. Phone No. 1331.

October and November

Are the two best months in the year to have teeth extracted preparatory to having artificial teeth. We extract teeth without pain.

Steeves & Pasters,

Phone 2381. 111½ W. Center St.

George D. Copeland. John H. Bartram

COPELAND & BARTRAM,

Attorneys and Counselors At Law.

Practice in all the U. S. and State Courts. Loans negotiated. Careful attention given to abstracting titles to real estate. Collections made. Patents procured. Office over the Marion County Bank, South Main St., Marion, Ohio.

WADDELL & KNAPP,

General INSURANCE Agents,

ISSUE

FIRE, CYCLONE AND ACCIDENT POLICIES, ALSO AGENTS FOR

Northwestern Life Insurance Comp'y, Largest Dividend Paying Co. in the World

Issue bonds to administrators, guardians, officials, contractors and all others requiring surety bonds.

☞ Office opp. court house, Leonard building. MARION, O

THE

Marion County Bank Co.

(Successors to J. S. Reed & Co.)

ESTABLISHED 1839.

Cash Capital - - - - $250,000.00,

invites deposits. Liberal treatment of customers in all departments of banking within the limits of safety. Mortgage and long time paper bought. Foreign drafts bought and sold. Drafts issued on all parts of the world.

Deposit vault for valuable papers free to customers.

R. H. Johnson, President.
Henry True, Vice President.
W. H. Schaffner, Cashier.
C. D. Schaffner, Asst Cashier

J. W. CLARK,

AUCTIONEER,

will cry public sales of all kinds in Marion and adjoining counties.

Will also negotiate the sale or rental of farms and farm lands and conduct a bureau of information regarding the sale or exchange of live stock.

This line of work will be conducted along with the Monumental business already established.

J. W. CLARK.

Office on N. Main St., Opp. Kerr House. AT OFFICE ON SATURDAY'S.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

A CALEDONIA BOY

Will Leave San Francisco on the Transport Grant on the Fifteenth of This Month.

FOR SERVICE IN PHILIPPINES

Harry Fields Is Much Improved—Village Father Gets Stirred Up on the Saloon Question and Resigns—Ressler Brothers' New Mill in Operation. Village Notes and News.

Caledonia, Oct. 6.—John Rinker, a son of George Rinker, who has been connected with the United States hospital corps at Presidio, San Francisco, for the past year, has been assigned to the Philippines and will leave for Manilla on the transport Grant, October 15.

Mrs. John Hanley and niece, Miss Mary Bartley, went on the excursion to Indianapolis, where they will visit for several days.

The free stock sale today was well attended. Several lots of household goods were sold.

Frank Strause has moved to Muscatine, Iowa.

Postmaster Fields had a letter this week from his son, Harry, who is at Reno, Nevada. The latter is doing well and slowly recovering his lost health.

Services will be held at the Unitarian church Sunday, October 7, by the regular pastor.

The Mt. Gilead fair was well patronized by Caledonians.

The new city cistern is finished.

The walls of John Hanley's new brick are going up.

The Caledonia bank fixtures will be moved the first of the week to the new quarters in the Union block.

Ressler Bros. have purchased the eighty acre timber tract of land in Canaan township belonging to the estate of the late John Richardson. The timber will be cut into logs and sawed at their mill here. The original Richardson tract contained 159 acres, Thomas Price purchased the 100 acres of farming land. It is all good property.

As foreshadowed, the city council had a hot time at its last meeting. After a war of words on the saloon question, and debate on the legality of a recently passed ordinance, giving the saloonists the privilege of keeping open until a late hour Saturday nights, Councilman J. E. Baker tendered his resignation. Then Councilman Busch astonished Mayor Anderson by informing him that four slot machines were running in four saloons here. Of course the mayor did not know this. He said he would take a look at them.

Taylor Porter and John Hanley attended the meeting of the stockholders of the Marion brewery this week. Mr. Hanley was elected as one of the directors.

Corn cutting is done in this vicinity but the cider mills and kraut knives find plenty of work.

W. D. Corwin has started his cane mill.

The six-weeks-old child of A. R. James, living on the Garberson place, west of town, died Thursday, and was buried at Scott Town today.

Ressler Bros' mill, which was shut down for a week, is running again. Many improvements have been made in new buildings and additional machinery for the flour mill, planing mill and saw mill attachment.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Carr of Onset, Massachusetts, are in Caledonia, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Louis Donnenworth. Mrs. Carr being a sister of Mrs. Donnenworth.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Meister drove over to Marion Friday.

Public Sale.

Public sale of short horn cattle, October 23, 1900, 100 head. Sixty cows and heifers, forty head of young bulls, and from the best of families known to the breed, and from the largest herd in Ohio. I will sell thirty head of the choicest ones, 2-year-old heifers and all of the young bulls and some cows also, two head of large bulls that I have been breeding to Scottish Chief No. 138451 and Royal Britton 2d No. 124682. Sale at my farm near Mt. Perry, Perry county, Ohio, on the C., S. and H. R. R. Parties from a distance will be conveyed from the different railroad stations free of charge the morning of sale. Mt. Perry on the C., S. and H. R. R., Somerset on the B. & O. R. R., and New Lexington on the C. & M. V. R. R. and T. and O. C. R. R.

Ellis Williams,

19-12wky Mt. Perry, Perry Co., O.

Question Answered.

Yes, August Flower still has the largest sale of any medicine in the civilized world. Your mothers and grandmothers never thought of using anything else for Indigestion or Biliousness. Doctors were scarce, and they seldom heard of appendicitis, nervous prostration or heart failure, etc. They used August Flower to clean out the system and stop fermentation of undigested food, regulate the action of the liver, stimulate the nervous and organic action of the system, and that is all they took when feeling dull and bad with headaches and other aches. You only need a few doses of Green's August Flower, in liquid form, to make you satisfied there is nothing serious the matter with you. For sale by W. B. Fore.

Money to loan on farm property at 5 and 6 per cent. for five years. See Fred W. Peters. 42-wk-tf

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hinklin of Mt. Vernon avenue Saturday night.

AT OWEN

The Eight-Months-Old Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Green Dies Sunday.

Gladys, the eight-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Traverse Green, residing west of Owen, died at 8:30 o'clock Sunday morning from cholera infantum. She had been ill for some time.

The funeral took place Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the Five Points church, Rev. F. C. Witthoff officiating. The remains were interred in the Marion cemetery.

CHOLERA INFANTUM

Causes the Death of a Child at Green Camp Sunday.

The ten-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilber Evans of Green Camp died Sunday morning at eight o'clock. Cholera infantum was the cause of the little one's death.

The funeral took place at Green Camp at 10 o'clock Monday forenoon.

AT EIGHTY YEARS

John Lawrence Sr. Passes Away at His Home Near Prospect Thursday Afternoon.

HE DIED OF PARALYTIC STROKE

He Came to Marion County Way Back in 1824, When Only Four Years of Age, and Died on the Farm Where He Had Resided for Forty-Three Years—Funeral Notice.

Prospect, Oct. 5.—John Lawrence, Sr., passed away Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock, at his late residence, two and one-half miles west of Prospect, aged eighty years. Mr. Lawrence had been ill for a month, suffering from a stroke of paralysis. The funeral will be conducted from the late residence at 10 o'clock Saturday forenoon.

Mr. Lawrence was born in Adams county on February 29, 1820, and came with his parents to Marion county in 1824, when only four years of age. Continued residence here ever since gives him a deserved place among the honored pioneers of the county. He had lived for forty-three years in the house in which he died, and from the same residence buried his wife six years ago.

He leaves a son and three daughters, all married. One of the daughters is Mrs. E. B. Main of Marion.

Mr. Lawrence was an honest, upright, unpretentious and much esteemed citizen, who leaves an honored memory in the community in which he was so long a worthy factor.

QUARTERLY MEETING

Is Held at the Evangelical Protestant Salem's Church.

After the regular morning services at the Evangelical Protestant Salem's church, which were conducted by the pastor, Rev. H. H. Fleer, the quarterly business meeting was held.

The only business outside of the routine work was the appointment of a committee consisting of Rev. H. H. Fleer, Herman Albrecht and Julius Butz to extend invitations to ministers to be present at the dedication of the newly improved church.

The date of the dedication will not be determined until later.

A TERRIBLE AFFAIR

Fred Shaber, a Well-To-Do Farmer Residing Near Agosta, Horribly Mangles His Wife

LEAVES HER APPARENTLY DEAD

Takes an Awful Dose of Paris Green and Crawls Into the Weeds To Die. Is Found Four Hours Later—The Wife Will Recover—Shaber Died Late Monday Afternoon.

News of a terrible affair, which occurred near Agosta Friday night, reached Marion Monday. Frederick Shaber, a well-to-do farmer, died Monday afternoon, while his wife is suffering from many terrible wounds administered by the husband.

For more than a year Shaber and his wife have not been enjoying domestic happiness. Friday night between 8 and 9 o'clock, the neighbors near the Shaber home, three miles south of Agosta, were aroused by the screams from that household. An investigation was made and, on entering the residence, Mrs. Shaber was found lying unconscious with the blood flowing from wounds about her head and face. The facts were quickly gleaned. The husband had attacked his wife with a heavy piece of iron, beating her over the head until, thinking she was dead, he made his escape by the rear of the house into the fields.

An entertainment was being given in the village of Agosta that evening and the call for the town officials caused a general alarm to be given. Soon a posse of citizens was searching fields and highways for Shaber. Dr. Dowell and others, in the meantime, went to the home and found the victim of the assault in a serious condition. Her head was terribly mangled and her nose was broken, but the attending physician states that her injuries are not necessarily fatal.

Four hours after the assault was made, Shaber was found lying in the weeds along a fence some distance from the house. The man had taken nearly half a pound of Paris green in a large quantity of cider, and then gone into the tall weeds to die.

When found, Shaber was still conscious and asked to be taken to the straw stack, saying it was a softer place to lie. He was raised to his feet and after a time seemed to grow better. It was thought that he had taken an overdose, and, at his own request, he was taken to his residence, his wife being at the home of Samuel Bend, a neighbor.

Shaber's condition, however, was much worse than at first supposed. Late Monday he died. His victim, however, is much better and there are hopes for her recovery.

Shaber's domestic life has never been a happy one. Mary A. Shaber, a divorced wife, and her daughter reside in this city, on Pennsylvania avenue. They were divorced many years ago. After that, some ten years since, Shaber married the victim of Friday night's assault. Four children were born of this union. A year ago, in a family quarrel, he threatened to kill his wife. Since that time it is believed that the man has premeditated the horrible deed of Friday night.

Shaber was between fifty and sixty years of age. He was in good circumstances, resided on his own farm, and about two years ago constructed a modern dwelling on his land.

THE KERR HOUSE

May Soon Be Opened Up Again for Business.

It is possible that the Kerr House may so be reopened to the public, a deal to that end being now under consideration. If the deal goes through, that part of the building facing the court house will be made four stories from the street to the alley in the rear and an elevator will be put in. Contractors are already figuring on the improvements.

ARM BROKEN.

Hamilton Landon Is Kicked by a Colt Sunday Morning.

Hamilton Landon, a resident of Centerville, was kicked by a colt about 10 a. m. Sunday and as a result had both bones in his left forearm broken.

Dr. A. Shury of Prospect and Dr. I. C. Westring of this city were called and rendered the necessary surgical attention.

Mr. Landon is a brother of Mrs. Peter Sells of this city.

A CHANGE OF FIRM

Hardware Store of J. Hood & Son Is Sold to Thomas J. Ryan and Martin J. Burke.

SALES FORCE IS TO BE RETAINED

That, at Least, Is the Plan for the Present—Mr. Ryan Will Have Charge of the Business and Will Be Ably Assisted by Mr. Burke and Mr. Edward Weber.

The hardware store of J. Hood & Son has changed hands. The deal was consummated last Monday and Mr. Thomas J. Ryan and Mr. Martin J. Burke assumed the ownership of the stock and good will of the business. For the present there will be no change in the salesforce of the store. Mr. Ryan must devote a portion of his time to the implement works and Mr. Burke must attend to the affairs of the probate court until after his term expires.

The name of Hood has been associated with the hardware business for many years. Mr. Walter L. Hood was obliged to retire some time since on account of failing health. Since that time Mr. Edward F. Weber has successfully managed the business. Mr. Ryan will now have practical charge of the concern, with Mr. Burke and Mr. Weber's assistance.

Mr. Ryan is well known to the business men of Marion and the farmers of the county. For many years he was with the Prendergast Lumber and Coal company, and later with the implement company.

Mr. Burke, the junior member of the firm, is now on his second term as probate judge of Marion county. He is equally well known in this city and county.

Everybody's liable to itching piles. Rich and poor, old and young—terrible the torture they suffer. Only one sure cure, Doan's Ointment. Absolutely safe, can't fail.

Mrs. Llewellyn Pratt and children of Columbus and Miss Boutelle of Albany, New York, spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Dombaugh of Greenwood street.

A BIG STEEL FIGHT

The Great Steel Manufacturers of the Country Are on the Verge of War.

CONFERENCES HAVE BEEN HELD

But the Railroads Will Not Buy Steel Rails at Present Price and a Cut To Secure the Railroad Trade Is an Expected Probability—Carnegie Company To Lead War.

New York, Oct. 9.—For some days Wall street has heard rumors that the great steel companies of the country are on the verge of a war.

The reduction in the price of steel rails to $26 a ton, it appears is far from from satisfactory to the railroad companies in view of the price of steel billets and they are holding off for a better rate.

There have been several conferences at the Waldorf Astoria and the Holland House within the past four days among railroad men and that decision has been reached, it is said, to hold off orders for steel rails as late as possible with the idea of taking advantage of any cut that may be made between now and January 1.

President James J. Hill of the Great Northern road is believed to have voiced the feeling of the railroads in a statement made Saturday. He said:

"Great Northern is not in the market for steel rails. I think that we shall need none the current year. Of course I think the price is a little high. I believe that $24 should have been the limit, but I am not a rail manufacturer."

The Carnegie company, Wall street expects, will lead in the war of prices that many believe is bound to come. That company it is said, can sell rails at $21 a ton and make a fair profit.

The other companies, among them the Federal Steel, Republic Steel and National Steel, it is said cannot sell at less than $25 a ton and earn a dividend on their common stock.

President Schwab of the Carnegie company, was in Wall street yesterday in consultation with some of his partners. It is said he also had talks with railroad presidents.

A significant statement, credited to Carnegie sources, was circulated late yesterday afternoon in Wall street. It follows:

"According to a press dispatch circulated throughout the country, the Carnegie company at its recent meeting at Pittsburg was announced as having decided to stand in the full price of $26 for rails. This was said to have been brought about by information to the effect that at a conference of railroad officials at the Waldorf Astoria the railroads had decided that they would not pay more than $22. The facts as stated in the dispatch were not only shown to be without foundation, but we are in possession of definite information to the effect that such a course antagonistic to the railroad interests is against the announced policy of the Carnegie company. On the contrary the purpose of the company is to sell their products as heretofore at a fair manufacturer's profit, the company not being obliged by reason of its capital to take any question of dividends on watered stocks into account in fixing such a price."

The last contest among the steel rail manufacturers brought the price down to $18 a ton and completely demoralized the business. It was after this disturbance that the steel rail pool formed and that organization may be potent to control the situation now.

INVITATIONS OUT

For the Marriage of Miss Schultz and Mr. C. L. Sanford.

The numerous friends of Miss Margaret Schultz and Mr. C. L. Sanford will be pleased to learn of their approaching wedding. The foreign invitations were issued Monday and the home cards were sent out Tuesday. They read as follows:

Mrs. Margaret Schultz requests the
pleasure of your company at
the marriage of her
daughter,
Margaret Belle,
to
Mr. Clarence Leroy Sanford,
Tuesday, October the twenty-third,
nineteen hundred,
at seven-thirty, Vine street,
Marion, Ohio.

MR. BRUCE WILSON,

Formerly of Marion, Dies at His Home at Corning, Iowa.

Mr. Bruce Wilson, a brother of Mr. Cass Wilson and Mrs. F. H. Salter, died at his home in Corning, Iowa, Saturday.

The deceased was a son of the late Richard Wilson, and was raised in Marion. He was a salesman in Smith's hardware store in this city for years. Of late he has been engaged in the hardware business in the West.

Mr. Wilson was sixty years of age and leaves a wife and family to mourn his death. His relatives here had not been apprised of his illness until news of his death was received.

The funeral and interment took place at his western home Monday.

Robinson's catarrh remedy is sold by Hoberman & Sharpless, Marion, Ohio, and Long's drug store at Richwood. Try it. 18-wk-1y-c

WANTED—Dry hickory wood in large quantities. Address Peadons bakery, Jefferson street. 1-wkyc

LAWYER PATRICK, SECRETARY JONES AND W. M. RICE, THE DEAD MILLIONAIRE.

The arrest of Albert T. Patrick, a lawyer representing the late millionaire William M. Rice, and Charles F. Jones, Mr. Rice's secretary, reveals the fact that shortly before his somewhat mysterious death recently Mr. Rice made a will leaving between $5,000,000 and $8,000,000 to Lawyer Patrick. The day Mr. Rice died Lawyer Patrick presented checks for $250,000 signed by Rice, which the New York police declare are forgeries despite the fact that [illegible], were certified by the Fifth Avenue Trust company. Lawyer Patrick states that the [illegible] for humanity.

MICA AXLE GREASE

Makes short roads.

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The STAR Job Press

EXCELS IN GOOD WORK.

DANCING ON LIVE COALS.

SAVAGE CEREMONIES AMONG THE MESA GRANDE INDIANS

How would you like to dance on living coals of fire with your bare feet? That is what the Mesa Grande Indians of San Diego county do when they have one of their fire dances—a not infrequent occurrence. But these fire dances will soon be a thing of the past, for it is only the old Indians that now take part, the younger generation, with their store clothes, short hair and half civilized manners, being content to be interested spectators. The singular ceremonies will undoubtedly pass away with the old men of the camp.

MESA GRANDE FIRE DANCE.

The most recent of these strange and peculiar dances was held only a few nights ago, says the San Francisco Examiner. It was in connection with the death of a prominent young Indian, Jose Clayto, who passed to the happy hunting grounds one year ago. Big ceremonies attended his death at that time, and they were continued this year. The full significance of the ceremony is not understood by those not thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of Mesa Grande Indian lore, but it is weird and uncanny enough to satisfy the most fastidious taste.

The time is 9 o'clock at night in the large court or square of the fiesta grounds. A big fire of oak logs lights up the faces of a hundred Indians, the women squatting by themselves, the men standing, and all as silent and expectant as if some dire tragedy were about to be enacted.

Soon two Indians emerge from the deep, mysterious shadows of the ramadas about 20 yards distant, and slowly approach in a stooping posture, uttering strange, guttural sounds. They are naked to the waist and are painted hideously with white paste or chalk. They wear a line of eagle plumes draped gracefully from the shoulders to the waist and have a headdress of fluffy owl feathers. They do-ce-do about the circle once or twice with peculiar antics and then retire, uttering the strange sounds.

Soon a solitary Indian comes out, uttering the same strange cry, circles the fire and also retires. Then comes the grand entree. From out of the darkness emerges a band of about 15 Indians, crawling slowly on hands and knees, uttering queer sounds in their throats. They are nude to the waist, all daubed and streaked with white, and wear feathers in their hair. Walking ahead of the crawling procession are two or three Indians, apparently herding the crawling creatures back, to keep them from going too fast, like cowboys in front of a band of cattle. As they crawl past the fire one or two try to roll into the blaze, but are herded back.

At last the band comes to a halt and is finally soothed into quietness by the herders using their plumes and sprinkling medicine on the kneeling figures. For some moments not a sound is heard except the low chanting of the squaws. The dancing begins and gradually increases in vehemence as the chanting grows louder and wilder. This is kept up for an hour or two, until the men are reeking with perspiration and the white designs on their brown skins are sadly marred. Meanwhile logs have been heaped on the fire until it lights up the inclosure like day. The dancing is now varied by the squaws joining in and all dancing and singing around the fire.

After half an hour of this the women withdraw, and the men, led by old Sonone with his medicine rattle, circle around a few times, chanting their wild songs. Suddenly, with deep grunts and guttural sounds, [illegible] down and shove their feet into the fire, kicking the glowing coals and scattering them about the place. This, remarkable to [illegible] sequel, they dance on these coals until they are extinguished, then fall on their knees, fighting the fire with their hands, beating, stamping it, pounding it, putting dirt on it until it is entirely put out.

One big Indian, whose frenzy is getting the better of him, is hauled out of the fire by his wife. Some in the excitement put live coals in their mouths and chew them up. The medicine man is supposed to prevent them from getting burned. Persons who have seen the dances are of the opinion that the old Indians dance until their feet are perfectly numb; that it does not hurt them to dance on the fiery coals, although many times the odor of burned skin permeates the air.

A fire dance was held a few days previous to this one at the Mesa Grande fiesta. Not only was there a fire dance, but also a feather dance, a wildcat dance and other queer ceremonies. This fiesta is one of the events of the year with the Indians, so they all came with their household goods, their horses and their dogs, especially the dogs. A fiesta would not amount to much unless there were two or three fat chested, razor-backed dogs to each Indian.

The fiesta was counted quite a success from nearly all standpoints—in point of numbers, in the amount of gambling and horse racing indulged in, in the enthusiasm produced by the ceremonial dances of the old Indians, especially the graceful intatolla dance, and finally in the number of white people who came out of curiosity to witness the performances. The fiesta lasted a week. A few families would leave daily as their funds became exhausted until finally all had gone back to their several villages to thrash a little more grain or cut some more wood to procure a little more money to squander at the next fiesta, which is to take place at a neighboring rancheria.

These fiestas, stretching through six months of the year, are a great source of poverty among the Indians. Most of the hard earned money of the redskins vanishes at these celebrations, and they go home with empty purses, sometimes with empty stomachs and very often in a state of intoxication.

LEAVEN OF CIVILIZATION.

How Benighted Africans Adopt the White Man's Ways.

The opening of the Uganda railway running up from Mombasa on the east coast of Africa into the interior has suddenly brought the arts and amusements of civilization into a region hitherto little visited by white men. At a recent native religious holiday at Mombasa the natives, who probably had seen pictures of the Ferris wheel in the illustrated papers sent to the railroad men, resolved to make a wheel for themselves of the same pattern.

AFRICAN FERRIS WHEEL.

How they succeeded is shown in the picture. The wheel, whatever its defects may appear to be from an American or European viewpoint, was the great success of the celebration, and the natives are immensely proud of their rapid development in engineering skill.

Did the Baby Reason?

The kindergartners say it is a growing opinion that it is near the age of 8 that the child begins to see the end to be gained in contradistinction to something to be done, says James Champlin Fernald in The Atlantic.

The assumption is not true of real children. The present writer knew, for instance, a little cherub of two years' terrestrial experience who found the cat in his high chair after he had left it and went to eject her. The cat objected and scratched his hand, whereupon he withdrew to think it over. That high chair was of the dislocating kind that can become a low easy chair by pulling a handle. Two-year-old walked round the table, came up behind pussy's strategic position, pulled that handle and brought the whole fortification down like thunder. That cat made a leap such as could only have been inspired by a conviction of the approaching end of all things, and young humanity had established forever the "dominion" given him in Genesis over the "beast of the field."

Wanted to Be Safe.

We were spending the winter in old Fortress Monroe, and the small boy of the family had been cautioned repeatedly not to drink any water that had not been boiled, as it was not safe.

One day, when something had gone wrong and he was crying bitterly, his mother called cheerily to him: "Kenneth, do you know that your tears are salt? Catch the next one and taste it."

Stopping his sobs for a moment, he wailed forth in the most dismal tones: "Oh, no! I'm 'fraid to. It hasn't been boiled."—New England Magazine.

PHANTOM OF FORMER HAPPINESS

DIVORCED WIFE AS WARD OF HER FORMER HUSBAND

Artist Gil-Martin of Bay Ridge, N. Y., has received his divorced wife as his ward. As her formal protector in a fanciful home originally designed as the paradise of the married lovers his generosity is the most subtle avenger of his wrong.

A guest in the house where she should be mistress, Mrs. Gil-Martin's is the existence of a penitent recluse. For the most part it is passed in her own apartments, where the suffering woman, sick in mind and body, has only a nurse as her companion. Husband and wife meet only at meals—meet as strangers, exchange the courtesies of the day and part. He goes to his studio and works to forget; she vanishes in the semi-gloom up the sweeping staircase to return to her solitude and her memories.

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN IN WHITE.

What marvel that children and the superstitious who have seen her slip out between the dusk and dark with a white lace mantilla over her beautiful hair have mistaken her for a ghost. Up and down the grounds she keeps pace with her thoughts, moving with the rapidity of an unrestful spirit. The very ground she treads on cries aloud of her shame. The whole place is a monument to the sin and the sinner.

When Joseph Gil-Martin married Mrs. Mary Nolan Moore, she was the widow of an English army officer and a woman of pronounced beauty, says the New York World. The artist then had a studio on Fifth avenue, and his domestic life was apparently happy until Patrick McInerney of Brooklyn came upon the scene.

Despite the fact that McInerney was twice the age of Mrs. Gil-Martin, suit for the alienation of her affections, which Gil-Martin brought, resulted in a verdict for him, awarding $10,000 damages. He later obtained a divorce. Shortly after this Gil-Martin disappeared from his usual haunts.

In February last the construction of the Fort Hamilton avenue house, which has excited so much comment, was begun. The plans had been drawn since the beginning of Gil-Martin's engagement to Mrs. Moore. Every detail had been lovingly dwelt upon by the pair in their early honeymoon, but the building was delayed. A site was yet to be chosen—a site which should suit the artistic fancy of the painter and his bride.

Then came the damage suit, and McInerney's Fort Hamilton avenue property, a densely wooded lot, fell into the hands of Gil-Martin. The artist conceived the idea of erecting his ideal home on the grounds of the man who had made the name a mockery to him. And there, two months ago, he brought the woman who, broken in spirit and health, had thrown herself upon the generosity of her former husband.

"This house," said Mr. Gil-Martin, standing in the wide hall and looking about him with melancholy eyes, "represents the best of my hopes and their ruin."

The interior has a stateliness that the odd exterior gives little promise of. Secondhand building materials were used in its construction. The brownstone, brought from a Fifth avenue house, has been pieced out with Bay Ridge stone. The columns which almost surround it suggest the effect of an Italian garden when the terraces, at present just indicated, are completed.

The artist claims Pompeian and Greek models in the architecture. The house is designed principally for light. Mr. Gil-Martin terms himself an "artist of light and shadow." In everything about him the similitude is borne out. The windows are so arranged that everywhere the contrast of light and shadow is obtained.

The hall, in dark crimson, is hung with rare paintings. From the upper story a white gallery with carved balustrade gives upon it. Far to the back is the staircase and across the end of the house the splendid studio, lighted by an enormous skylight. Tapestries, statuary and curios are seen about. There are 15 rooms in that house, which bears in gilt letters on the side the name "Home."

Mr. Gil-Martin is perhaps 37 and typically the artist in appearance.

"It is true," he said, "that Mrs. Gil-Martin is here under my protection. She is my ward. There is no reconciliation. We live our separate lives, but this house is big enough for both. She is ill and is attended by a nurse. I see her only at meals."

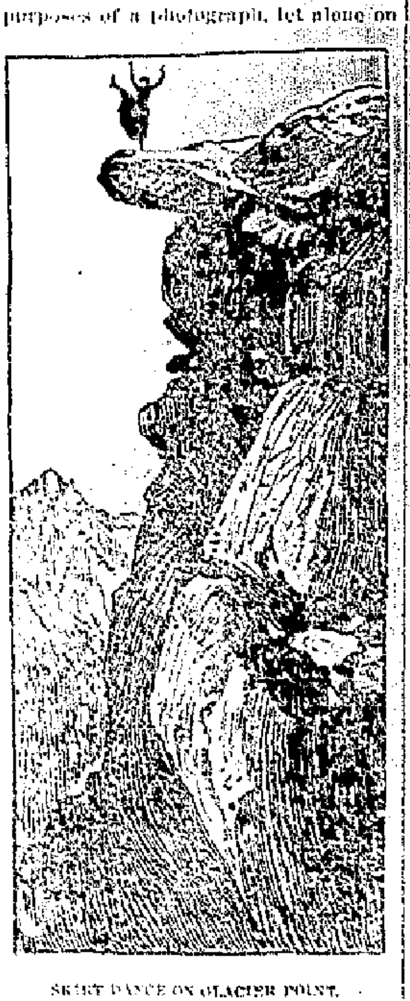
Mr. Gil-Martin denied that the ghost existed save in the minds of the superstitious. He admitted that Mrs. Gil-Martin usually went out for the air at sundown with a fichu or real lace about her head, an old custom of hers which he had admired in the old days.

Neighbors say that save at these times she has never been seen abroad. The blinds are kept closely drawn. They live their strange life alone, with only the servant and nurse as witnesses.

HIGH KICKING IN THE SKY.

Picturesque Dancing on Glacier Point In the Yosemite.

Of the many photographs that have been taken of the overhanging rock at Glacier point, in the Yosemite, none is more striking than one taken by Julius Boysen this summer and which is here given. The young woman who is doing the spectacular high kick is Miss Kittie Fetch, the head waitress of the Sentinel hotel at Yosemite. It is not the first time she has been photographed in startling poses, but this effort surpasses all her former accomplishments in point of daring and nerve. On one occasion she lay at full length on the rock, with her head resting on her hand and the point of her elbow on the very jagged edge of the uttermost point of the rock, and on another she stood with one foot raised and extending well out over the abyss while the photographer "took a shot" at her hazardous position. So it may be seen that Miss Fetch is no novice in the matter of these nerve trying exhibitions. She possesses a remarkably cool head, nerves like iron and withal a grace and athletic training that make her poses possible. The clear cut character of the photograph shows that during the pose there was not a tremor to show that the subject was executing anything more trying than the ordinary high kick. In fact, even upon a level floor it is not an easy matter to take such a pose with sufficient steadiness to suit the purposes of a photograph, let alone on the edge of a not too stable rock hanging out over the brow of a cliff 3,200 feet high.


SKIRT DANCE ON GLACIER POINT.

Miss Fetch's feat has only once been equaled, says the New York Herald, and that was by a Stanford athlete, who stood on his head on the same rock, but the Stanford man was well in from the edge of the rock, and, while one might expect a college student away on his vacation to execute some such act, it is far and away out of the ordinary to have a pretty and graceful young woman point the tip of her toe heavenward from a pedestal of such startling prominence. In any photograph that would give even the slightest conception of the height of the cliff, the figure on the rock would be so small that it could not be seen whether it was a man or a woman, much less what sort of a pose the person was taking. The photograph here given is unfair, for the reason that the height shown is only half the real height of the rock from the floor of the valley. The sheer wall of the cliff here shown is 1,600 feet, and from the underbrush at the bottom of the picture to the floor of the valley there is still a distance of 1,600 feet. The very small figure shown on the rock is just twice the size it would be if the real proportions were shown.

FIERCE FIGHT WITH A MAN EATER.

Weird Battle Between Seaman and Shark at the Bottom of the Ocean.

George Brown, a seaman gunner attached to the torpedo station at Newport, R. I., had an experience that he will remember for many years to come, says a dispatch to the Boston Herald. With a number of other members of the seaman gunners' class, Brown had gone to Coddington Cove for diving practice. He had made a descent, and Seamen Gunners Hines and Muet were tending to the signal line.

BROWN'S BATTLE WITH A SHARK.

Brown had been under water for some time when the sudden jerking and twisting of the air tube warned the men in the boat that something unusual was happening beneath the surface of the water. They had received no signal to pull up the diver and consequently waited for a few minutes when the signal rope was violently jerked, and Brown, more dead than alive, was dragged to the surface and into the boat. Before he reached the top of the water, however, the body of a hammerhead shark about seven feet long reached there before him, belly up, a long gash in its side denoting how it had died.

When the helmet was removed from the head of Brown and he had sufficiently recovered his nerve, he gave his shipmates the details of his experience.

After Brown had descended he began walking around on the bottom and had gone but a short distance when he saw a long, dark object approaching. As it drew nearer he recognized that it was a shark and that the fish was coming directly toward him. The shark did not attack Brown at once, but slowly circled about him. Suddenly it darted straight for Brown, who jumped aside and allowed it to pass. The shark at once returned to the attack, and in turning around to face his antagonist Brown got tangled in the signal rope and the air tube. It was at this stage of the encounter that the seamen gunners in the boat were made aware that something unusual was happening to their mate below water.

When Brown saw that it was a case of fight, he whipped out a knife he had in his belt for the purpose of cutting away lines or sea grass should he become entangled in it, thus preparing to do battle. He was compelled not only to defend himself from the attacks of the shark, but to protect his air tube and signal line, as the parting of either one meant, probably, death to him.

The shark made several unsuccessful attempts to reach Brown, but he succeeded in avoiding it. This was kept up for a few moments, which seemed like years to Brown, each attack becoming more vicious than the preceding one. The fish lashed the water in its fury, and Brown was nearly overcome by being compelled constantly to leap out of the way of his antagonist.

The diver was almost ready to give up the battle and would have signaled to the men in the boat to haul him to the surface, but he feared when they once began to pull he would then be deprived of all means of defense, and the shark would seize him on his way to the surface. Finally the shark made a plunge at him, more vicious than the others, and as Brown jumped aside he succeeded in driving his knife into the side of the fish.

When the shark did not return after it had attacked him, Brown concluded that it had been wounded and had swum away, and he hastily signaled his companions to haul him to the surface. He was surprised to see the body of the shark floating in the water near the boat when he had recovered his composure after his exciting experience.

The seamen gunners placed ropes about the body of the shark, pulled it into the boat and took it to the torpedo station.

Brown is the hero of the hour at the station, but he carries his honors lightly, as he has not yet recovered from the shock of his experience, and it may be some days before he again dons the diving belt for practice.

For years the seamen gunners attached to the torpedo station have taken their first lessons in diving in and about the waters of Newport, and this is the first time that any of them were ever attacked by sharks, and for that matter few have ever been seen in that vicinity. The one that attacked Brown is of a species rarely seen in these waters.

INDIAN ANARCHISTS.

Keetoowahs Who Want the Lives of Civilized Chieftains.

The Keetoowahs, the worst class of Indians that ever lived, have had a meeting and condemned the chiefs of the civilized Indians to death.

The Keetoowahs are worse than the anarchists, because they are more subtle and just as brave. It is a secret society to which only full blooded Indians can belong.

There are several thousand members of the society in Indian Territory, and they are the terror of that country.

In an underground cave near the Big Tucker Springs, these Indians, a thousand strong, are now in session and will remain there for perhaps a week longer discussing the events of the day as they concern the full blood.

Guards are stationed in all directions for miles, so it is impossible to learn what they are doing, but it is understood from pretty reliable sources that they are planning to kill the civilized Indians who stand in the way of the full blood disposing of his property and leaving the country.

Little is known of the inside working of this society, says the Philadelphia Press, and the confession of a full blood who died lately is of interest.

This full blood possessed a long sounding name that is of little interest and no consequence. He was the grandson of Isparhecher, who was once the chief of the Creeks and who is now leader of the Keetoowahs in the Creek tribe.

This dying Indian told in detail how they had planned the death of a number of leading Indians who fought for allotment.

It is a fact that within the last two years more than 20 men who were leaders of the factions for a change in the old Indian government had been mysteriously disposed of.

He said that before a man could become a member he had to cut an artery in his arm and allow one pint of blood to flow therefrom. This was tasted by every member of the society, who when he had tasted swore that if this member should ever turn traitor they would kill him and drink all of his blood.

INDIAN ANARCHIST.

While in session not a word is spoken, but everything is done by the sign language. The caves are illumed with candles.

The leader is always under the eye of a spy, so that he could be killed at any time he acted as though he were going to turn traitor.

The purpose of the organization is to protect the full blood against the half breed, even though the full blood be wrong. The ultimate hope of the society is to wrench from the hands of the half breeds the government of the Indians. While this has never been entirely accomplished, it has been nearly so.

The Choctaws and Cherokees have just elected full bloods for chiefs, and the council is in their hands as well. The full blood Creeks lost out in the general election, so nearly 2,500 of them withdrew and selected their own chief, Chinnubie Harjo, a strong anarchist.

The meeting now being held is said to be for the purpose of getting rid of the half breed chief of the Creek nation proper and a number of other allotment leaders.

Scorpions.

The South Americans hold that the baby scorpions, so soon as born, invariably turn on their mother and devour her. Hence when the baby Venezuelans are naughty and a trouble to their parents they are termed "scorpions," a reproach that almost invariably rouses repentance in the infant breast.

School Teacher's Headache.

It's not a new variety of headache. It's the old pain consequent on conditions which result from study, confinement, and careless eating. It is only one symptom of a derangement of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures headaches by curing the diseases which cause them.

"I was troubled with very frequent headaches, often accompanied by severe vomiting," writes Miss Mary Belle Summerton, of San Diego, Duval Co., Texas. "Bowels were irregular, and my stomach and liver seemed continually out of order. Often I could eat almost nothing, and sometimes absolutely nothing, for twenty-four hours at a time. I was entirely unfit for work, and my whole system seemed so run-down that I feared a severe sick spell and was very much discouraged. I was advised to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and did so with such satisfactory results that before finishing the third bottle I felt perfectly able to undertake the duties attending public school life, and contracted to do so. I most heartily advise those suffering with indigestion, and its attendant evils, to give this great medicine a fair trial."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets keep the bowels healthy.

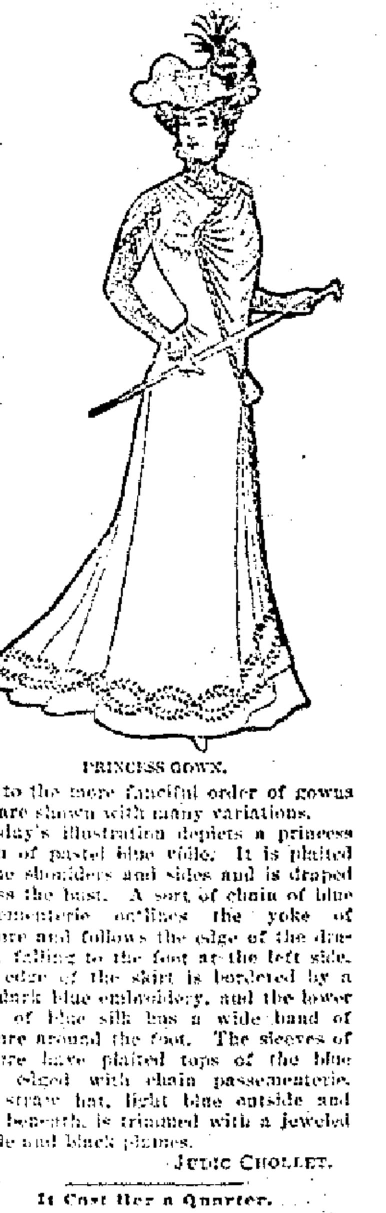
COMING STYLES.

Prospects For the Wardrobe of the Approaching Season.

The large capes of plaid so much worn are to be replaced by tartan jacket capes, loose and half fitting. The material being double faced and different on the two sides, they are unlined. A capuchon is a frequent addition.

Cloth coats are becoming more and more aggressive in respect of revers, which now are beginning to extend beyond the width of the shoulders. Small jackets, however, have narrow revers of silk or velvet like the collar.

The double sleeves which have been revived this summer promise to continue in favor indefinitely. They belong properly to the more fanciful order of gowns and are shown with many variations.


PRINCESS GOWN.

Today's illustration depicts a princess gown of pastel blue voile. It is plaited at the shoulders and sides and is draped across the bust. A sort of chain of blue passementerie outlines the yoke of guipure and follows the edge of the drapery, falling to the foot at the left side. The edge of the skirt is bordered by a fine dark blue embroidery, and the lower skirt of blue silk has a wide band of guipure around the foot. The sleeves of guipure have plaited tops of the blue voile edged with chain passementerie. The straw hat, light blue outside and dark beneath, is trimmed with a jeweled buckle and black plumes.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

It Cost Her a Quarter.

There are times when one hasn't the courage to correct an error of speech, times when to do so would cause embarrassments. The truth of this is very keenly felt just at present by a certain woman who lives in a boarding house on the east side. The trouble all came about by her using the wrong word, that caused the misinterpretation of her meaning, to correct which she lacked the courage. It happened like this: She had a quarter in her hand when she went to dinner, which she forgot and left lying on the table.

"Did you pick up that quarter?" she asked her husband as he came out of the dining room.

"No, you'd better ask George," he replied.

"Did you get that quarter, George?" she called out.

George is the big eyed, shiny faced, black boy who carries a trayful of dishes on the palm of his hand as a dining room girl never can. His countenance fairly beamed as he pocketed the quarter.

"Yes'm, missus, thank you, much obliged."—Kansas City Journal.

Hocking Valley Ry. Bulletins.
Grand Commandry, Knights Templar of Ohio, Columbus. Tickets on October 15, 16 and 17. Good for return October 19. One fare for the round trip.
229-e-tf
C. E. Sargent, Agent.

THE ANCIENT HOME OF CHINA'S EMPERORS.

It is well known that the present rulers of China are not Chinese, but descendants of the Tartars who conquered the country. The Mongols, who had oppressed China for several centuries, were finally driven out in the fourteenth century; and after wandering about in scattered bands the remnants of them made their way back to the original haunts of their ancestry in Manchuria, in the neighborhood of the holy city of Mukden. There, according to the native legend, a great chieftain was given them—a sort of dragon phenix, born of a maiden. In time he led the Mantchoos to victory and annexed the Yalu region, about which the Japanese and Chinese fought [illegible] years later. In 1618, after persistent but unavailing attempts to take Peking, he succeeded in capturing the great northern city of Mukden, which became the Mantchoo capital.

Some years after this dragon chieftain died a great rebellion broke out in China, headed by Generals Li and Wu, the former of whom alone surviving, an individual given to the reprehensible practice of punning has suggested that the unavoidable inference is that Li hung Chang. At all events, Li marched upon Peking, after destroying more than a million people by letting loose the waters of the Great Yellow river. He stormed the walls and took the capital, driving the emperor to suicide, and thus bringing to an end the great Ming dynasty, which had ruled China since 1369.

A woman, it is said—the empress dowager—is the cause of China's present troubles, and even as she may bring about the downfall of the Mantchoo dynasty, so also was it a woman who brought it into power. Included in the spoils of Peking among the many captives was a very beautiful slave girl who had been presented to Wu Sankwei, then defending the Chinese frontier at Shan-hai-kwan. This girl was given by Li to an officer in his army, and Wu Sankwei felt so resentful that he went over to the Mantchoos bag and baggage. The latter had been trying for years to get possession of Peking and the Chinese government. Wu's offer to combine against his former countrymen was therefore joyfully accepted, and Mantchoo troops were at once dispatched to Shan-hai-kwan. At the same time the usurper Li led a great army against the place, and when before the walls he sent to inform General Wu that his aged father, whom he held in custody, would be promptly beheaded if he still persisted in his rebellion. But, as Wu loved the girl more than he revered his father, he refused to treat with Li, and so the old man was decapitated in sight of both armies. This is said to be the only notable instance of filial impiety, as the Chinese regard such an act, on record. However, the battle went against Li, for just at a critical moment the Mantchoos secreted in the hills swooped down upon his cavalry and completed the work that Wu had begun. The two armies combined drove Li's disorganized soldiers before them 200 miles, to the walls of Peking, behind which the usurper tarried only long enough to execute all Wu's relatives and set fire to the imperial palace. General Wu was so intent upon killing his arch enemy that he allowed the Mantchoos to take possession of the capital, and when he turned back it was too late. They "held the fort," and they have continued to hold it to the present day. Li was finally murdered by the peasantry of Shensi.

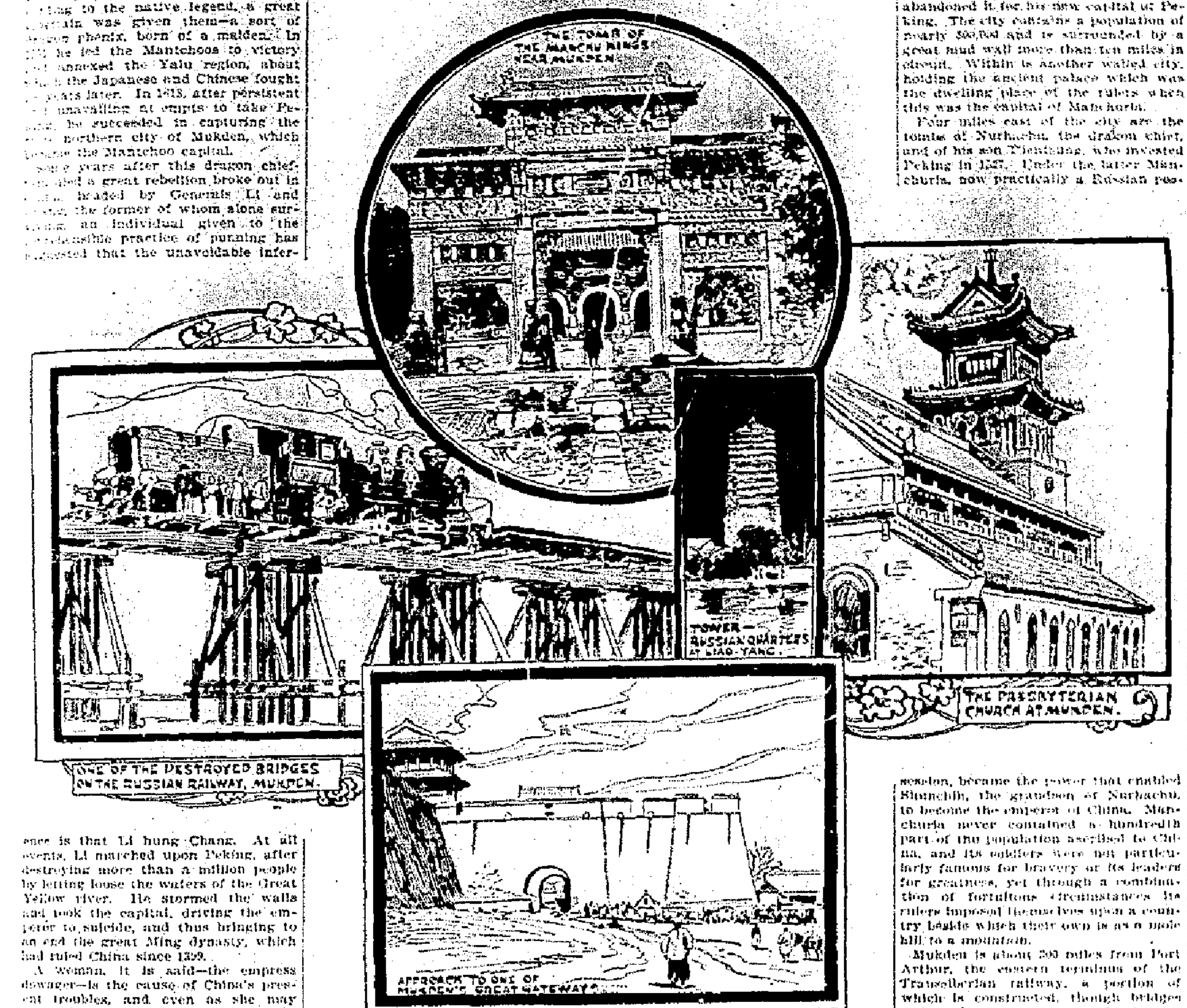
The combined Mantchoo and Chinese armies took Peking in the year 1644, the first Mantchoo emperor being a boy of 6, who was elevated to the throne by his guardian and regent under the title of Shunchih. He was virtually the founder of the Mantchoo dynasty, which only got its grip on China through defection of the Chinese themselves and the active assistance of a portion of their army. It has no stronger hold today upon the affections of the people than it had 256 years ago, when the throne of the "Son of Heaven" came to them by default.

One may see today the crumbling walls of the fortifications at Shan-hai-kwan, where the great wall of China finds its eastern terminus in the waters of the gulf of Pechili, and a railroad runs through a breach in the masonry thrown up 2,000 years ago somewhere near the spot on which the father of the unfilial Wu was beheaded.

Mukden, the ancient capital and holy city of the Mantchoos, remains pretty much as it existed when Shunchih abandoned it for his new capital at Peking. The city contains a population of nearly 300,000 and is surrounded by a great mud wall more than ten miles in circuit. Within is another walled city, holding the ancient palace which was the dwelling place of the rulers when this was the capital of Manchuria.

Four miles east of the city are the tombs of Nurhachu, the dragon chief, and of his son Tienming, who invested Peking in 1627. Under the latter Manchuria, now practically a Russian possession, became the power that enabled Shunchih, the grandson of Nurhachu, to become the emperor of China. Manchuria never contained a hundredth part of the population ascribed to China, and its soldiers were not particularly famous for bravery or its leaders for greatness, yet through a combination of fortuitous circumstances its rulers imposed themselves upon a country beside which their own is as a mole hill to a mountain.

Mukden is about 300 miles from Port Arthur, the eastern terminus of the Transsiberian railway, a portion of which is constructed, though bridges and tracks are at present of a temporary character. The climate is good, but the winters are severe. The products of the surrounding country are mainly those of the temperate zone, and many minerals are found in the mountains. One of the curious specimens of a composite architecture in Mukden is the Presbyterian church, a mixture of the Gothic and Chinese. This was built many years ago, when the city was the center of a flourishing mission. It is there that one sees the typical Tartars and Mongols, and the ancient costumes, arms, etc., which pertained to the Mantchoos of the pre-Chinese period.



THE TOMB OF THE MANCHU KINGS NEAR MUKDEN.

ONE OF THE DESTROYED BRIDGES ON THE RUSSIAN RAILWAY, MUKDEN.

TOWER—RUSSIAN QUARTERS AT LIAO-YANG.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT MUKDEN.

APPROACH TO ONE OF MUKDEN'S GREAT GATEWAYS.

CAMPING OUT WITH OOM PAUL KRUGER.

After the capture of Pretoria by Lord Roberts Mr. Kruger and the Boer capital led a very fugitive existence, flitting from place to place in advance of the unfeeling Britishers, and sometimes hardly knowing where to locate overnight.

This illustration depicts a scene of frequent occurrence by the roadside during the period of six weeks or more when Oom Paul had his capital on wheels, so to speak, in a railway car at Machadodorp. Toward the end of his stay there signs of British activity became so frequent that great care was used lest the smoke from the fire in the open air should attract the attention of the enemy.

It did at last, and for a time canned provisions were substituted for the savory [illegible], and the climax came when General French's patrols, on one of their raids, captured the ex-president's favorite cook. Then the great man, having been edging nearer and nearer to Portuguese territory, made the final plunge that carried him over the border to Lourenco Marques, on the coast.

MARCHING HATS FOR CAMPAIGN CLUBS.

Here are the three hats which are most popular among organizers of Democratic campaign marching clubs. These range in price from $9 to $12 a dozen, and most of them are made pearl gray in color.

These three hats form the most popular trio with the Republicans. They, too, are of pearl gray felt, and are about the same in cost as the Democratic "tiles." All the hats are, of course, embellished with the names of the national candidates.

CHINESE BARBER AT WORK.

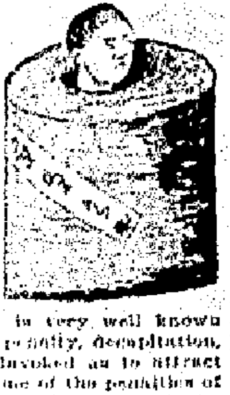
The Chinese barber has important duties to perform, and if conscientious he is obliged to be attentive to business. Having little, if any, beard, the Chinese males do not have to shave the face; but they make up for this by shaving almost every other portion of the head except the spot from which the pigtail grows.

The barber is supposed to trim the eyebrows, remove all hair from the head except at the crown and even shave within the nostrils, as the one in the illustration is doing. It is by a strange contrariety of ideas that the Chinaman prefers to have removed what most civilized men desire to retain and cherishes the pigtail, that distinguishing sign of servitude to his Mantchoo conquerors, who forced him to adopt it.

The silverware belonging to Queen Victoria's table is valued at $12,500,000.

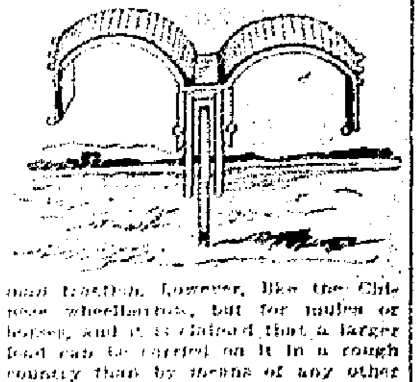
TORTURE BY THE SACK.

If Mr. John Chinaman had devoted half as much time to ameliorating the wretched condition of his poor people as he has given to inventing tortures for punishing them, his country might be vastly better as a place of residence. All the ingenuity of a perverted nature has been given to originating the most fiendish forms of torture that the human mind can conceive. The mildest punishment, that of the "cangue," has been often described, and it is very well known that the extreme penalty, decapitation, is so frequently invoked as to attract little attention. One of the penalties of the courts is that called the sack, by which the offender is sewed up in a large bag, with only his head exposed, and set out on the street to be treated by the passersby as they choose. It is a peculiarly irritating form of punishment, particularly in itching, for the arms as well as the legs are confined. The culprit cannot feed himself any more than can the wearer of a cangue, and is even more helpless, for he cannot move about, and unless some pitying mortal take compassion on him may perhaps starve to death, even though sentenced for a slight offense against the laws.



SINGLE WHEELED MILITARY CART.

Russia must have been studying the transportation methods of her friends, the Chinese, judging from the latest vehicle evolved for military transit on the Siberian plains and the Manchurian border, for the machine figured in the illustration resembles very much a wheelbarrow in use between Tien-tsin and Peking. It is not intended for human traction, however, like the Chinese wheelbarrows, but for mules or horses, and it is claimed that a larger load can be carried on it in a rough country than by means of any other form of vehicle.

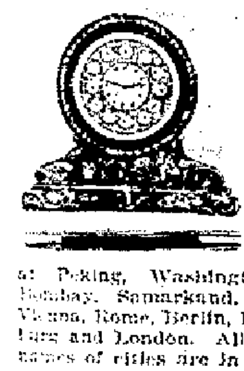


The load is generally placed in a sort of [illegible], fitting on and attached to the saddle, which is made of osier and hard wood, according to the nature of the load, whether ammunition, forage, etc. Besides serving for the rapid transport of ammunition and military stores the system is well adapted for the conveyance of light mountain guns, which can by this means be brought to the front and placed in positions otherwise unattainable.

Experiment proves that it takes over one-third of a second for the eyelid to open and close.

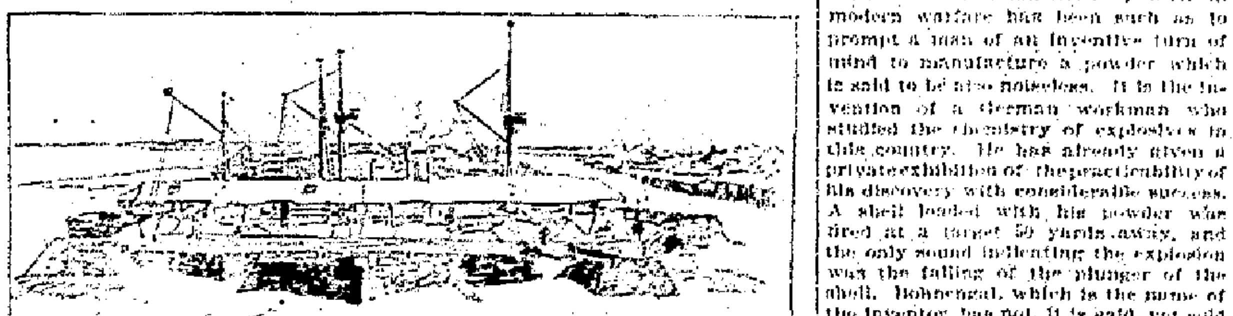
THE SHAH'S WONDERFUL CLOCK.

Included among the shipload of curiosities and general bric-a-brac sent home to Persia by the great shah quite recently was a wonderful clock made expressly to his order by a London firm. It tells the time at Teheran and also that in the 12 principal cities of the world. Teheran time is marked on the large center dial, while the 12 smaller dials around it indicate the hours at Peking, Washington, Yokohama, Bombay, Samarkand, Constantinople, Vienna, Rome, Berlin, Paris, St. Petersburg and London. All the figures and names of cities are in Persian characters, and the ensemble constitutes a timepiece the like of which is not to be found anywhere else in the world.



In the United States 390,000 cubic feet of pine is used annually in making matches.

IN WINTER QUARTERS AT TIEN-TSIN.



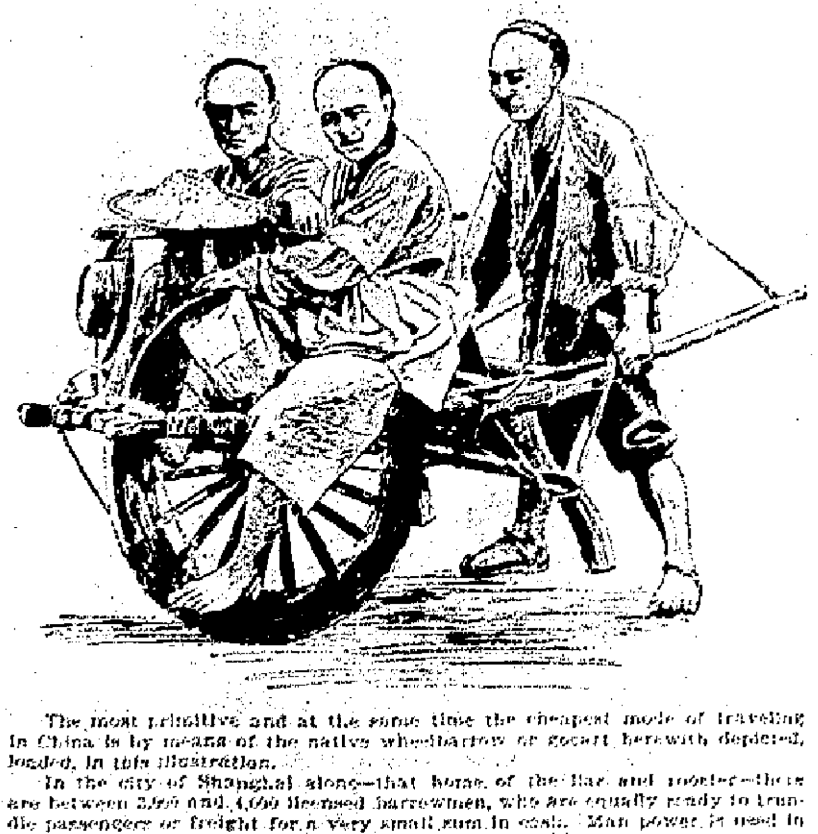
The accompanying illustration indicates better than mere description the severity of the winter in north China. It shows a warship in winter quarters, prepared to withstand a siege either of an army or of the elements. After the river freezes over at Tien-tsin there is no hope of escape until the ice goes out in the spring for any vessel so unfortunate as to be caught. Making the best of the situation, the sailors of all nationalities fall to and build walls of mud around their vessels, which soon freeze and afford protection from further mischief.

The cold is intense for two or three months, but the winter is of short duration, and Jack Tar is released from his prison within the mud walls much sooner than he would desire to be if his own inclinations were consulted.

NOISELESS POWDER.

The success of smokeless powder in modern warfare has been such as to prompt a man of an inventive turn of mind to manufacture a powder which is said to be also noiseless. It is the invention of a German workman who studied the chemistry of explosives in this country. He has already given a private exhibition of the practicability of his discovery with considerable success. A shell loaded with his powder was fired at a target 50 yards away, and the only sound indicating the explosion was the falling of the plunger of the shell. Bohnenzal, which is the name of the inventor, has not, it is said, yet sold the secret of the process, but is still in treaty with different governments for its purchase.

THE CHINESE WHEELBARROW OR GOCART.

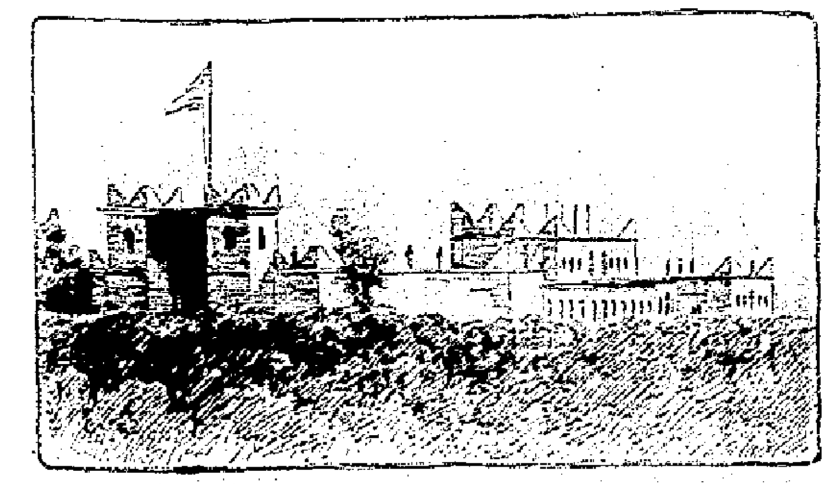


The most primitive and at the same time the cheapest mode of traveling in China is by means of the native wheelbarrow or gocart herewith depicted, loaded, in this illustration.

In the city of Shanghai alone—that home of the liar and rooster—there are between 3,000 and 4,000 licensed barrowmen, who are equally ready to trundle passengers or freight for a very small sum in cash. Man power is used in the cities, but in the country districts donkeys and ponies are sometimes hitched to the craft, while the owner steers by the handles. The vehicle is heavy and clumsy, has but one wheel, which is set in the center of a rude bamboo framework, and is capable of carrying a load that would stagger a mule.

In the better kind of barrow the passengers ride sidewise, but in the ordinary affairs, like this one, they sit facing the front, with one leg only on the frame and one foot in a swinging stirrup of rope, while they cling for dear life to the bamboo framework to prevent being spilled into the street.

A FRENCH ACQUISITION IN PERSIA.



The French government having recently acquired a valuable piece of property near its consulate in a town of Persia, Mr. John Bull promptly inquires by what authority Mr. Crapaud does such a thing. He is reminded that the trade of that place, Bushire, is very valuable to him, and, in fact, that the town is the principal center of British commerce in Persia. All this the French probably knew before, and it is considered as quite a feather in their cap that they were able to secure property that had been previously refused to both England and Germany.

The building, which is pretentious and castellated, was for several years occupied as the Dutch consulate, and the facility with which the French obtained possession of the property, the wiseacres say, argues some sort of an understanding with the great czar, who is the dominant power in that part of the world.

A NEW SEAL FOR GREAT BRITAIN.

The old great seal of the British empire having become the worse for wear a new one has been engraved after designs approved by the queen, who indeed is the principal figure on both obverse and reverse. Seated, crowned, on the royal throne, her majesty is richly robed and holds in her right hand a scepter. On her right stands St. George and on her left St. Michael, who are armed with lance and pennon. Around the seal runs the legend, "Victoria, Dei Gratia, Britt. Regina, Fid. Def., Ind., Imp."

On the counter seal the queen is represented as mounted on her palfrey and is not so portly as on the "principal" side, while she is defended by a modern ironclad and a sailing vessel instead of the saints. Her supremacy on the sea is indicated by the traditional emblems, a trident, dolphins and conventional waves. Above her head is a scroll with the words "Dieu et Mon Droit," and on either side are the rose, shamrock and thistle.

The price of fuel at Shanghai, China, is seldom more than about $10 per ton for foreign coal.

TESTS PATIENCE.

The Most Patient Marion Citizen Must Show Annoyance at Times.

Nothing spoils a good disposition,
Nothing taxes a man's patience,
Like any itchiness of the skin.
Itching piles almost drive you crazy.
All day it makes you miserable,
All night it keeps you awake.
Itch! itch! itch! with no relief.
Just the same with eczema.
Can hardly keep from scratching it.
You would do so but you know it makes it worse.
Such miseries are daily decreasing.
People are learning they can be cured.
Learning the merit of Doan's Ointment.
Plenty of proof that Doan's Ointment will cure piles, eczema, or any itchiness of the skin.
Read the testimony of a Marion citizen.

Mr. [illegible] Stephens of 159 east Church street, tinner, says: "I can give the best kind of recommendation to Doan's Ointment. I suffered and suffered without finding a remedy to give any relief until I got a box of Doan's Ointment from W. B. Fay's drug store, 155 west Center street. It completely removed the exasperating eczema of the rectum and healed it promptly. It is with confidence that I advise others suffering from any kind of irritating itching to procure Doan's Ointment, give it a fair trial and they will not be disappointed in the result."

Doan's Ointment for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name Doan's and take no substitute.

"Not safe to be a day without Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the house. Never can tell what moment an accident is going to happen."

LOCAL TIME CARD

ERIE RAILROAD

For New York, Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis. Get time tables and all information from M. S. Dickerson, agent, Marion, Ohio.

CITY DEPOT.

West.	East.
No. 5,*10:08 am	No. 14,*12:52 pm
No. 13, 2:32 pm	No. 8,*10:36 pm
No. 3,*11:00 pm	No. 12,*7:40 pm
No. 1,*11:32 pm	No. 13,* 5:35 am
No. 27. 7:50 am	

No. 14 leaves Marion Junction 11:10 p. m. Carries passengers to Meadville.

No. 1 runs to Marion Junction only.

No. 12 carries passengers between Meadville, Pa., and Chicago, Ill., only.

Nos. 27 and 28 (local) run between Galion and Dayton only.

No. 16 runs to Jamestown, N. Y., only.

Baggage will not be carried on trains Nos. 12 and 14.

C. and E. RAILROAD.

Leave.	Arrive.
No. 1,. 7:10 am	No. 11,.* 5:10 am
No. 5,.*10:25 am	No. 2,.. 6:10 pm
No. 11,.. 1:45 pm	No. 6,.*10:20 pm
No. 3,.*11:50 pm	No. 12,. 12:39 pm
No. 33, local, 12:55 pm.	

No. 12 carries passengers without baggage to Chicago.

Nos. 33 and 32 run between Huntington and Marion Junction only.

* Daily. Nos. 17, 18, 14, 1, 2, 33 and 32 daily except Sunday. No. 12 daily except Monday.

BIG FOUR.

In effect, Sunday, May 29, at 5:30 p. m.

Eastbound.	Westbound.
No. 32,. 10:58 am	No. 31,. 6:18 am
No. 2,.* 3:25 pm	No. 19,. 10:37 am
No. 16,. 7:07 pm	No. 3,.*11:20 am
No. 18,. 10:55 pm	No. 35,. 4:23 pm
No. 54,.* 2:15 pm	No. 55,.*11:20 am

* Nos. 2, 54, 3 and 55 daily except Sunday.

Hocking Valley

North.	South.
No. 21.. 6:42 am	No. 30..*5:30 am
No. 23..*10:15 am	No. 32..*10:15 am
No. 25..*4:21 pm	No. 34..*1:23 pm
No. 37.. *2:28 pm	No. 26..*7:08 pm

Trains enter Union depot, Toledo and Columbus.

* Daily. Nos. 21 and 34 do not run on Sunday.

THE COLUMBUS SANDUSKY & HOCKING RAILROAD. CO

C., S. & H. R. R.

Time table in effect Sept. 30, 1900.

From Marion to

Columbus and Delaware	7:10 am
Sandusky and Bucyrus	9:10 am
Zanesville and Shawnee	12:09 pm
Cincinnati and Dayton	12:09 pm
Columbus and Delaware	12:09 pm
New York and Philadelphia	5:40 pm
Kenova and Norfolk	5:40 pm
Columbus and Delaware	5:40 pm
Sandusky and Bucyrus	1:20 pm
Bellevue and Sandusky	7:10 pm

All trains daily except Sunday.

R. A. Jaynes, Gen. Pas. Agt.

E. M. Beale, agent.

NewspaperARCHIVE® NewspaperARCHIVE®

The Lewis Grocery.

WE WANT
Lard,
Eggs,
Cooking Apples,
Rambos
And your order for
Barrel Salt.

Watch the market, it is advancing.—We will take orders during the Street Fair for delivery any time in October at $1 25.

R. T. LEWIS & CO.
N. Main St., Oppo. C. H.

WE may not be the nearest Druggists to you, but we are the Druggists who will come nearest to pleasing you.

Strayer Bros.
Druggists to the People.

We Have Been Taking Orders

For two weeks past for Christmas work. Don't put it off until the rush, but come now to

VAIL'S Photographic Studio

A Perfect Jewelry Store.

WEDDING BELLS ARE RINGING.

Are you going?
Of course you will take some remembrance—Look over our stock of beautiful Fall Goods

M. NELSON & SONS.
The East Center Street Jewelers.

Quick, Free Delivery.

X

We are here to serve you--not to dictate.
We aim to give perfect service at fair prices. Bring your prescriptions to Marion's only pharmacy.

The Dumble Pharmacy

M. L. DUMBLE,
121 N. Main St.
Phone 10.

Wholesome Groceries.

With a
BOOM, BOOM
goes the sale and popularity of our
BELL'S COFFEE
20 Cents,
25 Cents,
35 Cents
a pound. You'll like it.

Court & Schneider.
QUALITY GROCERS.
Phone 177 115 S. Main St.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. Price 25 cents.

FALSE PRETENSES

Are Charged Against the Short Line Railway Company in a Pleading Filed.

TO SET ASIDE A DEED FOR LAND

Made to the Defendant Company for a Right of Way in Scott and Grand Prairie Townships—Several Pleadings of Interest Filed in Court of Common Pleas.

John T. Monnett, by his attorneys, Scofield, Durfee & Scofield, Saturday filed in common pleas court a petition against the Columbus, Sandusky and Hocking Railroad company and Joseph Robinson, receiver of the road, alleging that April 24, 1892, the plaintiff conveyed to the Sandusky and Columbus Short Line Railroad company 5.12 acres of land in Grand Prairie and Scott townships as a right-of-way through his farm upon which to run the road. The land was given for the small consideration of $1, but even that has never been paid.

For the land, the company bound itself and assigns forever to build sidings, stock yards, depot and necessary improvements and to maintain at all times a ticket and telegraph office, all of which they have failed to do. The Sandusky and Columbus Short Line sold out to the defendant company and the latter now refuse to comply with the agreement on the ground that it has no agreement from the plaintiff in writing releasing it from the condition. It is further alleged that the defendant, through one of its many receivers, at one time, to temporarily solace the plaintiff for not keeping its agreement, issued to him an annual pass and had the agent have him sign for it. At the time he had not his glasses, therefore could not read and upon the agent's promise that the paper was simply a receipt for the pass, he signed it. If the paper calls for anything else it was obtained by false representations. Wherefore it is asked that the deed be set aside and the defendants be compelled to give the plaintiff a legal title to his land.

In the divorce matter of Mary A. Snyder against Reuben Snyder, the defendant, by his attorneys, Crissinger & Guthery, Saturday filed an answer to the plaintiff's petition, making a general denial to the allegations contained therein. It is asked that the matter be dismissed.

In the matter of Mary E. Boxwell against James M. Fletcher, an answer and cross-petition was Saturday filed in common pleas court, making a general denial of the allegations of the plaintiff's petition regarding the indebtedness of $59.25 and setting forth a payment of $50 on the sum owed.

J. W. Barry of Mt Gilead is the defendant's attorney.

Robert L. Monnet, by his attorneys, Crissinger & Guthery, Saturday filed in common pleas court a petition for partition against John H. Mouser, Ida Della Mouser, Cassius C. Mouser, Charles H. McElvy, trustee for Cassius Mouser, Eleanor Mouser Lee, Zoa M. Fies, Wm. J. Fies, Clyde W. King, Susie M. King, John H. King and Joanna E. Mouser, alleging that he is seized in fee simple and has a legal right to an undivided 200 acres in Salt Rock township, in which these defendants also have an interest. He asks that his part be set off in severalty to him, or the customary process of law gone through with.

Harry R. Young, administrator of the estate of George Ulsh, deceased, Saturday filed in common pleas court a petition against Jay Ulsh, Caroline Ulsh, Eliza Young and Lydia Young, alleging that, November 21, 1895, he, as administrator, recovered a judgment for $337.80 against Levi Ulsh, who has since died, leaving as his heirs Caroline Ulsh, his widow, and Jay Ulsh, who were left 116.83 acres in Claridon township. Eliza Young and Lydia Young claim to have an interest in the property, wherefore it is asked that they, with Caroline Ulsh, the widow, be compelled to set up their interests, or be forever barred; that the liens against the lands be marshalled, their priorities fixed and determined, and the land be sold, and out of the proceeds of the sale his claim be satisfied.

John Aldrich, by his attorney, Harry N. Quigley, Saturday filed in common pleas court a petition against Clara L. Almendinger, alleging that he made a contract with the defendant, last winter, through her husband, to clear a forty acre timber lot, and after he had a part of it cleared the defendant and her husband ordered him to cease work. The plaintiff had previously moved to the place where the clearing was to be done and had gone to great expense to get ready for the work. He claims to have been damaged to the extent of $300, wherefore he prays judgment for that amount.

Michael Pfeiffer of Columbus, who was indicted by the last grand jury for robbery, was arraigned before Judge Tobias Monday and pleaded not guilty. He is out on bail.

Pfeiffer is the fellow who, it is alleged, resisted to hold up and rob H. C. Peters.

In the matter of George E. Wynn against Rachel A. Fox and others leave was granted the defendant Emma B. Wynn, to answer by October 27.

The foreclosure matter of the Columbia Building Loan and Investment company against Hattie E. Layman and others has been settled and the costs paid.

Sarah Ellen Spears was Monday granted a divorce from her husband Burley Spears, by Judge Tobias, on the ground of wilful absence and gross neglect. She was restored to her maiden name, Sarah Ellen Jackson.

In the matter of George E. Wynn against Rachel A. Fox and others Rachel A. Fox, by her attorney, H. E. Hill, Monday filed in common pleas court an answer and cross-petition making a general admission of the allegations contained in the plaintiff's petition, and consenting to the partition asked for.

After being out a little over an hour the jury found James McGill guilty of resisting an officer as charged in the indictment Tuesday afternoon.

The prisoner was remanded back to jail to be sentenced later.

The matter of the state of Ohio against Thomas McGannon, who was indicted by the last grand jury for assault and battery, was taken up by Judge Tobias and the jury Monday afternoon, and Tuesday the taking of testimony was concluded and the arguments made. The jury was out about an hour and returned a verdict of guilty as charged in the indictment. He was remanded to jail to await sentence.

In the matter of Henry Britsch against Katherine Britsch, and others, Katherine Britsch and Katie Haberman were dismissed as parties defendant and made parties plaintiff, on their own motion.

In the matter of the German Wallace college of Berea against Christian Lichtenberger, J. H. Vaughan, by his attorneys Scofield, Durfee & Scofield, Monday filed a motion in common pleas court to have the journal entry corrected so as to get for him $71.12 costs for publication of the matter.

J. M. Armstrong, an exchange guard at the Mansfield reformatory, brought Robert Jones over Tuesday and left him at the county jail. Jones is one of the trio which held up and assaulted George Stine and Clark Ames. He with McKay was granted a new trial but Myers the third party pleaded guilty and is now doing time in the Columbus penitentiary. Jones and McKay will be tried sometime this term of court. Both are now at the county jail.

The trial of Mrs. Victoria Mack, who was indicted by the recent grand jury for assault and battery, was commenced Tuesday after the McGannon case had been disposed of. Mrs. Mack is alleged to have assaulted a young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pfeiffer one day last summer. The accused has retained G. E. Mouser to defend her and the matter is being fought carefully by both the prosecution and defense.

Court Stenographer James T. Close came down Tuesday to take the testimony in the matter.

No such thing as summer complaint when Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is kept handy. Nature's own remedy for looseness of the bowels.

Underwear

Medium weight grey merino shirts and drawers 50c each.

Medium weight strictly all wool shirts and drawers $1.25 each.

Heavy weight fleece lined, several colors, shirts and drawers 50c each.

Heavy weight all wool camels hair and various other kinds, shirts and drawers 90c and $1.00.

S. Oppenheimer, Jr.
MANAGER,
MAIN AND CHURCH STREETS

SHOOTING AFFRAY

James Carpenter Lets Go with a Revolver at Elmer Ramsey, Tuesday Night.

HITS HIS MAN BUT DOES NOT KILL

The Shooting Is the Outgrowth of a Quarrel, and Takes Place in Front of Summer's Saloon on North Main Street—An Aged Lady Narrowly Escapes a Stray Bullet.

North Main street was the scene of a shooting affray Monday evening at about 9 o'clock which caused much excitement, but in which no one was badly injured.

The affair culminated out of some trouble between Ford Ramsey and James Carpenter, which took place some years ago. The trouble was renewed Monday afternoon, when one of the Ramseys passed the Brunswick saloon, with which James Carpenter is connected. He summoned Carpenter to the door, saying he wanted to speak to him. Carpenter did not go, and says he had no words with the young man. After supper both of the Ramsey boys passed the place. They say they had no trouble at that time.

Carpenter afterwards, with a loaded revolver in his pocket, started out with some friends. He met Elmer Ramsey, a brother of Ford Ramsey, in Fred Summer's saloon. According to the story of Carpenter, as related to the police, Elmer Ramsey picked a quarrel with him. He told Carpenter that he might whip the kid, but could not do that to him. One word brought on another and Elmer Ramsey invited Carpenter to step out on the sidewalk to fight it out. Carpenter accepted the invitation, and followed Ramsey out of the door.

On reaching the door Carpenter says that Ramsey turned with a large club, and, just as he was about to strike him, he pulled his revolver and fired twice. He knew that he had hit Ramsey and stepped back through the door, as Ramsey cried "I'm shot."

Ramsey, with the blood oozing from a flesh wound in his right breast, ran out of range of the revolver, but still hung about the large crowd which had assembled. Carpenter became frenzied and walked back and forth in the interior of the saloon threatening to kill Ramsey if he entered either door. He still held the smoking revolver in his hand and the crowd kept out of the way. Finally he became pacified and left the place.

Ramsey did not get a physician until nearly 11 o'clock, when he went to the office of Dr. Herman S. Rhu, who dressed his wounds. The bullet from Carpenter's revolver had entered his right breast, and bored a hole through the flesh for two inches, coming out of his side. The wound is not dangerous, although the victim bled profusely. Ramsey also claimed to have been hit in one of his legs, but the surgeon found trace of only one wound.

At about 12 o'clock Ford Ramsey appeared before Mayor McClure and swore to a warrant for Carpenter's arrest on a charge of shooting with intent to kill. He told the mayor about the quarrel but denied that his brother had a club.

Elmer Ramsey said there had been no trouble previous to the shooting, but averred that Carpenter had deliberately followed him into the saloon for the purpose of shooting him. Ramsey, even next morning, denied that he had offered to whip Carpenter if he would come out on the walk.

Eyewitnesses state that Ramsey had the club, and that only two shots were fired, while both of the Ramseys say that there were three or four shots fired.

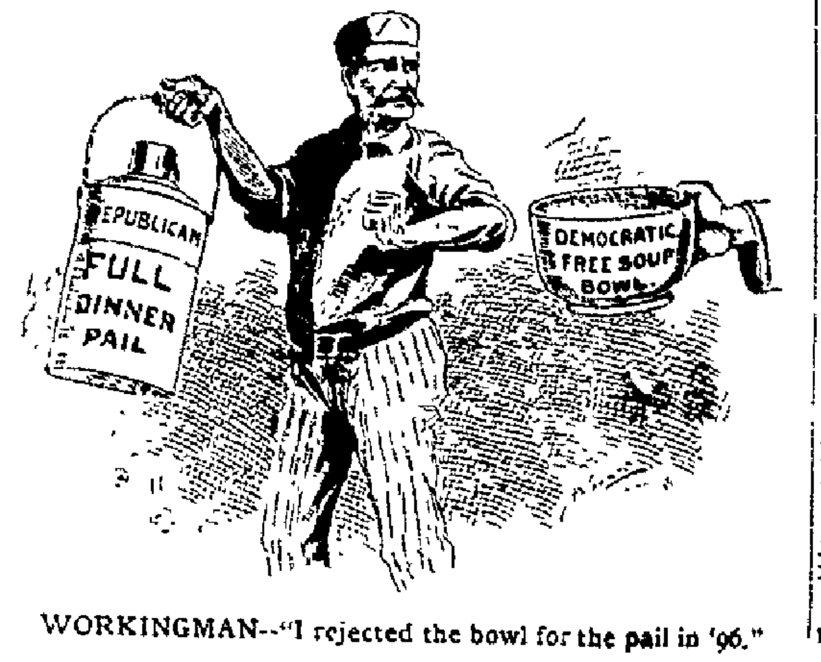
An aged lady, whose name was not learned, came near being struck by a stray bullet. While the shooting was going on there was a noticeable scattering of those about the place.

Officer A. K. Patterson served the warrant Tuesday and it was arranged to give Carpenter a preliminary hearing that afternoon.

At the hearing Carpenter waived examination and was bound over to court under a bond of $500, which he gave.

Schaber's Funeral.

The funeral of Frederick Shaber, who died at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon near Agosta as the result of a dose of poison taken with suicidal intent, was held at the house at 2 o'clock Wednesday. Rev. J. A. Sutton conducted the services.



WORKINGMAN--"I rejected the bowl for the pail in '96."

MRS. DINA SLAGLE

Passes Away at the Family Homestead in Scott Township.

Mrs. Dina Zuck Slagle, widow of the late Jacob Slagel, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John Owings, west of Larimerville, Saturday, aged eighty-two years. Death resulted from a stroke of paralysis.

The funeral was conducted Sunday by Rev. Boots of the M. E. church at Caledonia and interment was made in the Larimerville cemetery. Mrs. Bowen, Mrs. Smiley, Mrs. Gregg and Mrs. C. C. Campbell of this city attended the obsequies.

Mrs. Slagel was one of the early pioneers of Scott township. She came from Ross county in 1849 and was married to Mr. Slagel in 1851. Amid the sturdy work of pioneer life Mrs. Slagel reared six children, four of whom survive her and in her more than four score years led an exemplary and worthy life that leaves agreeable life behind.

The end came peacefully with full consciousness of the approaching end, and passed quietly into the repose of death at the old family homestead where she had resided for sixty years.

TOO MUCH RELIGION

Is Held To Be a Good Ground for Decree of Divorce.

Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 9.—Because her husband, Homer W. Hodge, did not deny that he had forced his son and servants to say prayers for his wife in her presence, a jury granted that lady a total divorce. The allegations are among the most unusual ever presented here. In the first place Hodge was charged with cruel and inhuman treatment, avariciousness to a startling and painful degree and religious fanaticism of the most harrowing and humiliating type. He was seized with an insane desire, so alleged his wife, to convert her to religion and to this end every morning he compelled their two young sons, butler, maid and others to get on their knees before her and offer up prolonged prayers for her redemption.

This was kept up until the breakfast was cold and unpalatable and when she did sit down to the table it was to find a bible in her plate.

BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

Is Given Frank Mann of Pennsylvania Avenue.

Frank Mann of Pennsylvania avenue was the agreeable victim of a surprise Monday evening when a number of his friends repaired to his home and made merry the evening. Games of all kinds were played, and at a late hour the merry party departed, wishing their host many more happy returns of his birth. Light refreshments were served. Mr. Mann was the recipient of many pretty presents.

Those present were: Misses Bertha Haberman, Maud and Zella Smith, Eva Edwards, Fern Harmon, Elva Bowers, Winnie Decker, and Zella Mann, and Messrs. Harvey Martin, Edson Birch, Fred Jesson, Raymond Hetcock, Eugene Stafford, Edward Engle, Earl Finch and Frank Mann.

FORMAL DEMAND

Made on Roosevelt for Extradition of Standard Oil Officers.

St. Louis, October 9.—Formal demand for the extradition of Frank D. Rockefeller, Henry M. Flagler and others prominent in the affairs of the Standard Oil company was made here on Governor Roosevelt of New York today by Cullen F. Thomas, county attorney of McLennan county, Texas. The Standard Oil officers were indicted in Waco, McLennan county, Texas, in 1894, for alleged violation of the anti-trust laws.

Mr. Roosevelt was sorry, but could not grant the requisition, saying Mr. Woodruff was governor.

LOCATED

Is the Man Who Tapped the Water Mains of Chicago.

Chicago, Oct. 9.—Millions of gallons of water are being stolen daily from the city by the big packers in the Union Stock Yards, according to M. J. O'Connor, a former employe of one of the packing houses, and who claims to have made the illegal connections with the city mains. If an honest investigation is made O'Connor offers to point out the places where he made taps and also will appear before the grand jury regarding the placing of large pipes for the purpose of furnishing an inlet for the stolen water.

INDICATIONS GOOD

That the Street Fair of Street Fairs Will Be a Hummer.

The street fair committee today collected for its privileges which have been sold to local people. The secretary is receiving by each mail a big bunch of letters from persons wanting privileges or information on the coming fair. The indications are now that if the weather is good the fair will go far beyond any of the fairs given by surrounding cities.

Beats the World

William and David Shuler, formerly of this city, but now of Bucyrus, have invented and perfected at that place an oscillating flour sifter which is said to be superior to anything on the market.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. James Garvin of Pennsylvania avenue Monday.

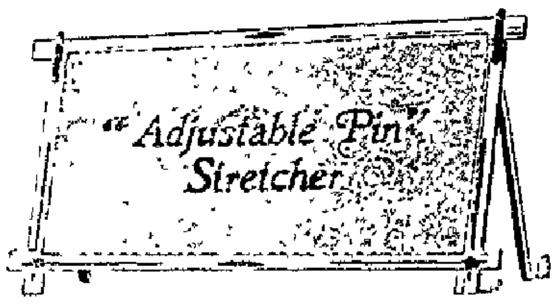
Second-hand furniture and stoves at 116 south Main street. 256-elf&wk

Take Care of Yourself

If you are much exposed to the weather or feel the severe cold, a Warmback overcoat or ulster will save your health. These coats have a double thickness of material through the back, chest and shoulders, to protect the lungs and vital organs, prevent chill and keep you comfortable on the coldest day.

The "Warmback" is a Hart, Schaffner & Marx invention, and has been widely endorsed by physicians.

STRELITZS'



Almost any Curtain Stretcher is a great help in doing up lace curtains. We sell a stretcher that is adjustable in size; has the easel attachment, making it possible to set it up almost anywhere, and has movable pins that can quickly be made to fit any scallop. It folds up, taking very little space when not in use. Such a Stretcher almost reduces the task to a pleasant pastime. We sell it at $2.00, another with all but the adjustable pin advantage, at $1.50, and still another at $1.00.

A good big bottle of Furniture Polish (that polishes) at 25c.

H. SCHAFFNER,
212 SOUTH MAIN ST.

THE CONTRAST

between the "B Pride" flour and any other that is milled is noted right away by the housewife in the light, white and nutritious bread, rolls and biscuit, that she delights the family with, as well as the delicious cakes and pastry that is made from it. "B Pride" flour is unexcelled for its nutritious qualities, as well as for its baking merits.

The Marion Milling & Grain Co.

Bowlus Foot Forms.

We're First Of Course

Our stock of Fall Footwear is now ready. Leadership has come to this store through merit. We've won the right to be first by always being first.
Competition joins the people in waiting for us to show the styles.

There Is Always a Leader and a Favorite.

There is always one theater, one club, one tailor, one dry goods store, one clothier, one almost everything that is conceded to be "just the proper thing" in Marion.

There Is a Leading Shoe House And It's Ours.

It gains and holds its enviable position by its own methods—by qualities that appeal strongly to the wearers of fine footwear. We show all the new fall styles and we would be pleased to show them to you.

L. G. Bowlus & Co. Phone 2102.